A POWER COMIC

THE COMIC WITH HULK — PLUS DAREDEVIL — PLUS!

SMASH!

No. 89
14th OCT. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
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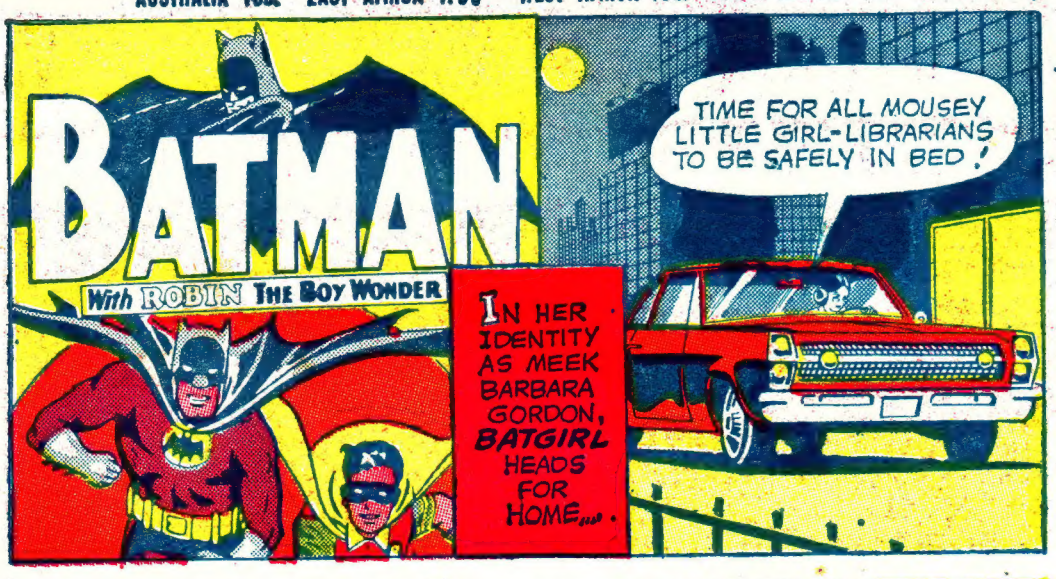

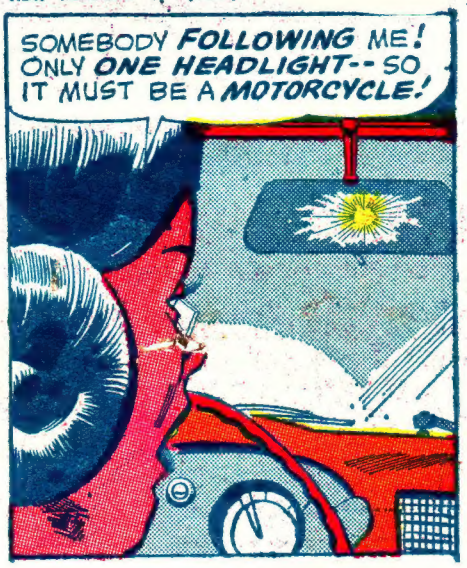

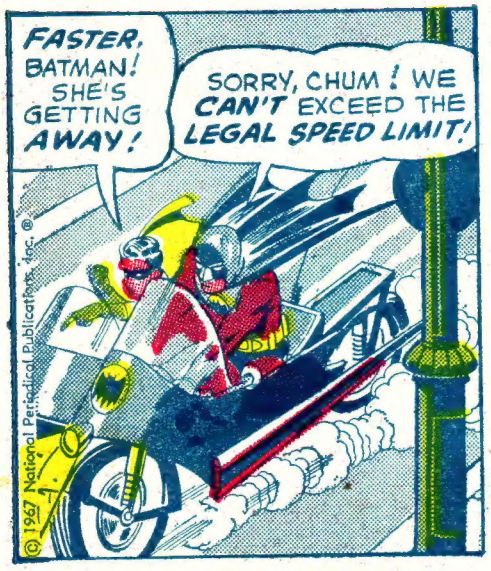

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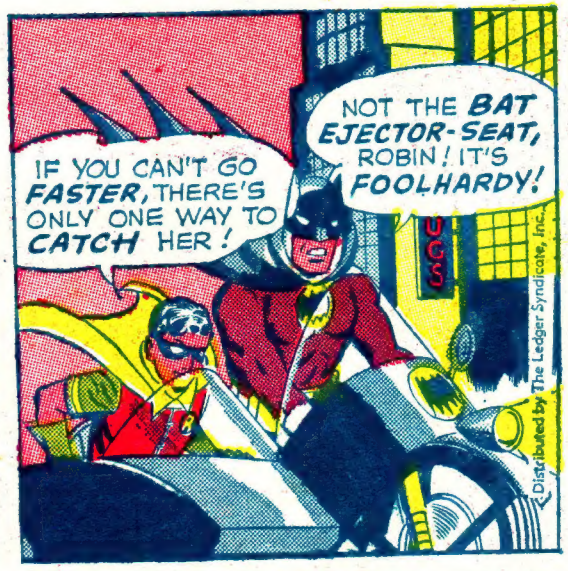

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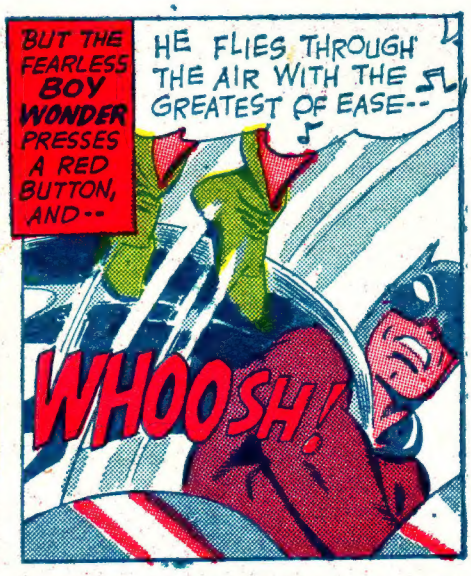

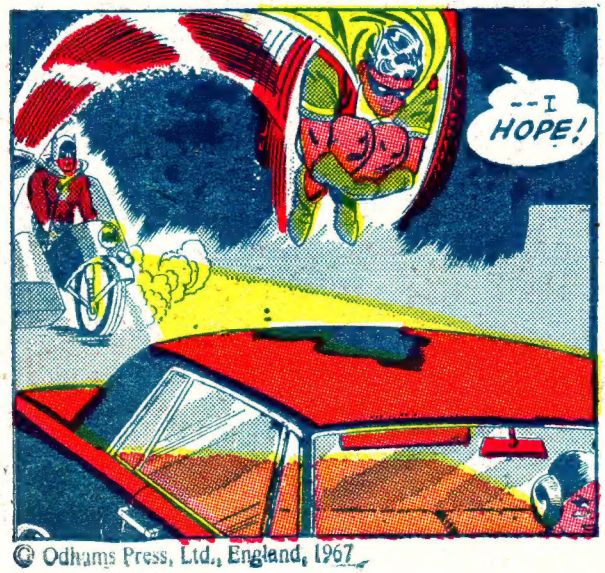

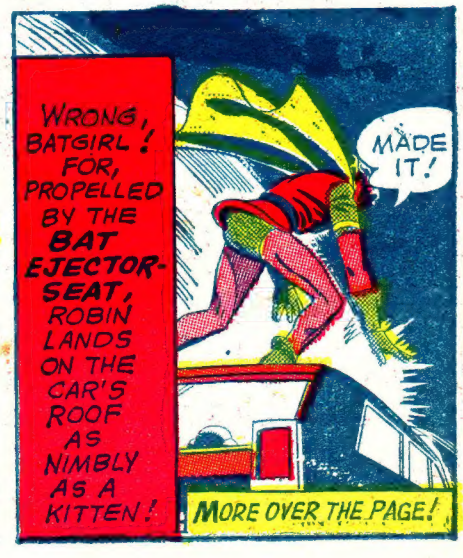

MORE OVER THE PAGE!

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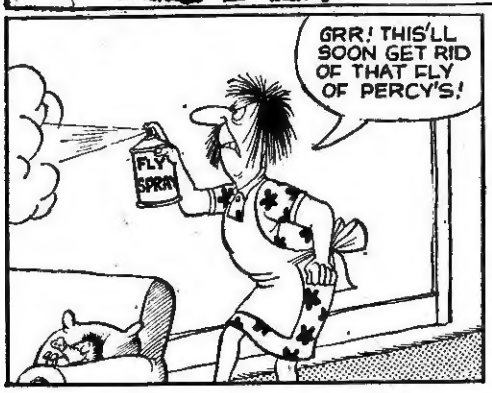
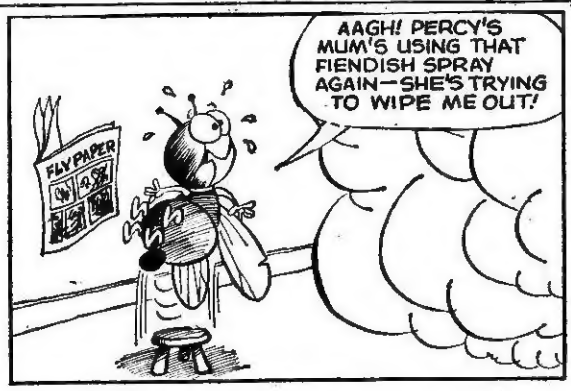
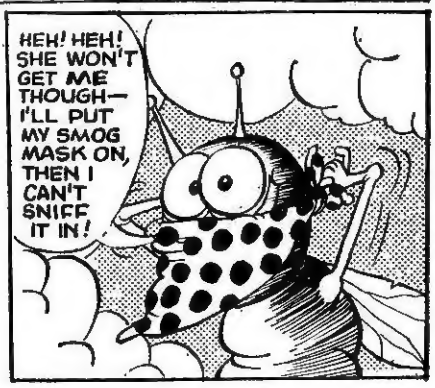
Percy's Pets


GRR! THIS'LL SOON GET RID OF THAT FLY OF PERCY'S!
FLY SPRAY

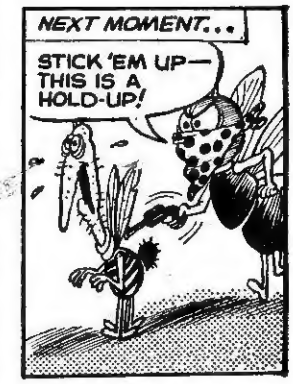

AAGH! PERCY'S MUM'S USING THAT FIENDISH SPRAY AGAIN—SHE'S TRYING TO WIPE ME OUT!
FLY PAPER

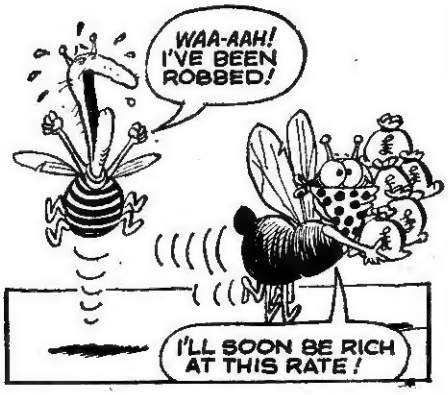

HEH! HEH! SHE WON'T GET ME THOUGH— I'LL PUT MY SMOG MASK ON, THEN I CAN'T SNIFF IT IN!

HEH! HEH! FOOLED MUM AGAIN!

AAGH! DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT! YOU CAN HAVE ALL MY MONEY!
COO! MATILDA THINKS THIS IS A HOLD-UP!

AND WHY NOT? THIS COULD BE MORE REWARDING! HEH! HEH!
BOO! HOO! I NEVER THOUGHT FRED WOULD TURN TO CRIME!


NEXT MOMENT...
STICK 'EM UP— THIS IS A HOLD-UP!


WAA-AAH! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
I'LL SOON BE RICH AT THIS RATE!

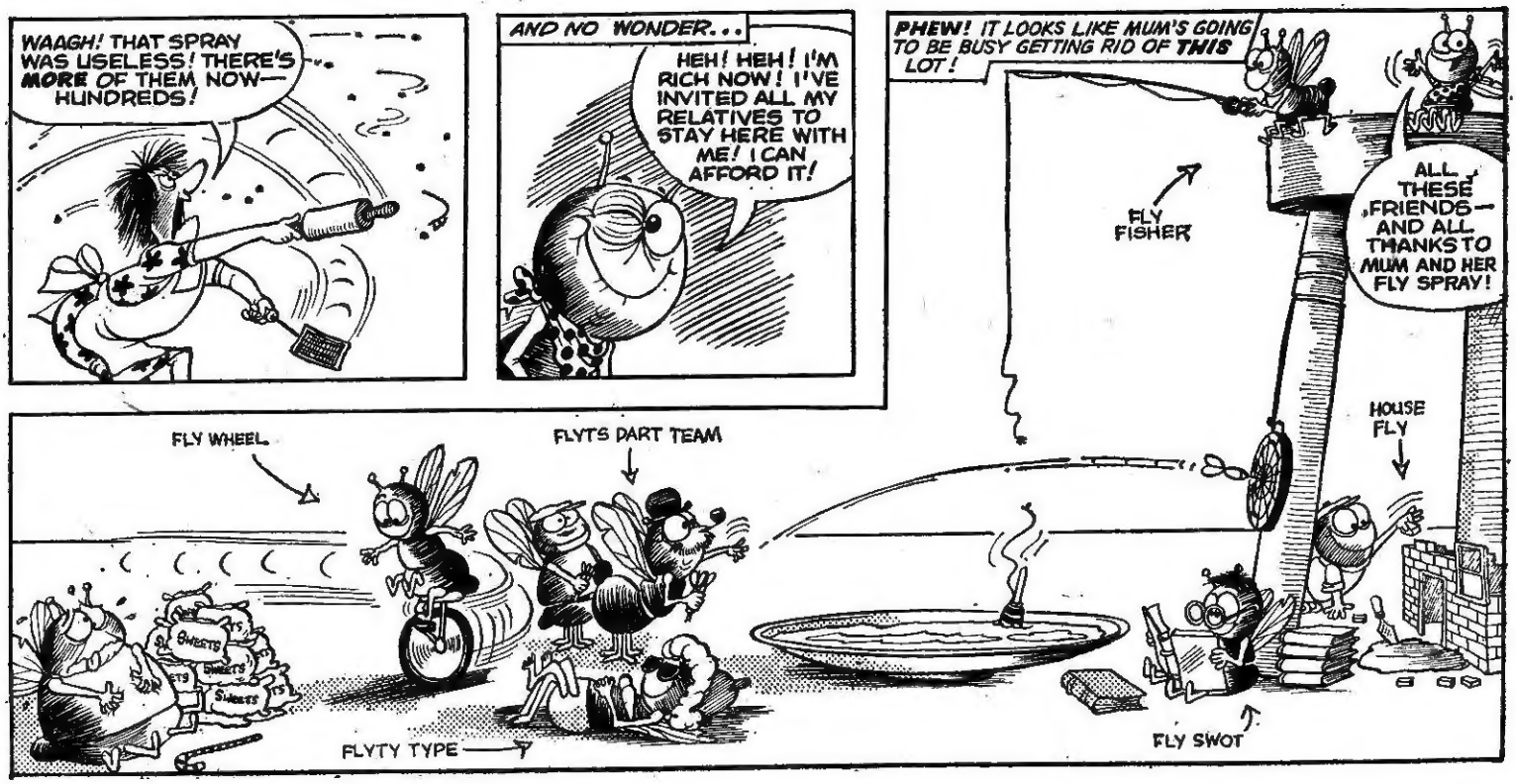
ROTTEN OLD MUM! MY ONLY PET FLY IN DANGER! I MUST RESCUE HIM!
GLUE

HAVE YOU SEEN FRED, SAMMY? HE'S BOUND TO BE A CASUALTY AFTER MUM'S AIR-RAID!
NOT ME—I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM, PERCY!

BUZZ-ZZZ
HUMM!
JUMPING JACKASSES— WH-WHAT'S THAT?
?

WAAGH! THAT SPRAY WAS USELESS! THERE'S MORE OF THEM NOW— HUNDREDS!

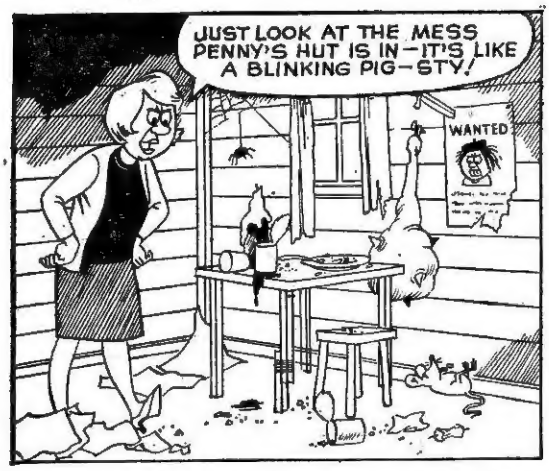
AND NO WONDER...
HEH! HEH! I'M RICH NOW! I'VE INVITED ALL MY RELATIVES TO STAY HERE WITH ME! I CAN AFFORD IT!


PHEW! IT LOOKS LIKE MUM'S GOING TO BE BUSY GETTING RID OF THIS LOT!
FLY FISHER
ALL THESE FRIENDS— AND ALL THANKS TO MUM AND HER FLY SPRAY!
HOUSE FLY
FLY WHEEL
FLYT'S PART TEAM
FLYTY TYPE
FLY SWOT
SWEETS

BAD PENNY

AMMO

ONE PENNY
1967

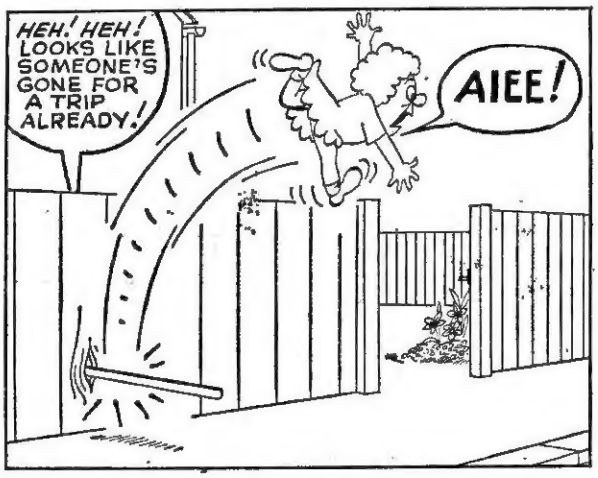

JUST LOOK AT THE MESS PENNY'S HUT IS IN—IT'S LIKE A BLINKING PIG-STY!
WANTED

TAKE THESE AND GET THAT HUT CLEANED UP—OR ELSE!
PONG!

RIGHTO, MUM—JUST YOU LEAVE IT TO ME!
???
SHOCK!

HEH! HEH! THAT'S WHAT SHE THINKS! AHA! DAD HASN'T BLOCKED UP THAT KNOT-HOLE YET!

INTO ACTION! SNIGGER!


HEH! HEH! LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S GONE FOR A TRIP ALREADY!
AIEE!

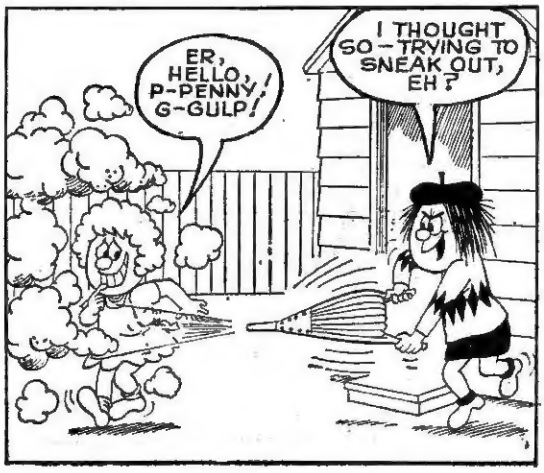
YAHOO! LUCKY FIRST TIME! I'VE GOT ME A CHARWOMAN TO CLEAN UP MY HUT!
PLOP!

HEH! HEH! SHE CAN MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP! SNIGGER!
AAGH! HELP! LET ME OUT!

DON'T JUST SIT THERE—GET ON WITH IT! AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE A SINGLE SPECK OF DUST WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED—OR ELSE! HEH! HEH!
GRR! YOU BIG BULLY, PENNY!

AND SO...
COO! IT AIN'T HALF DUSTY IN THERE—THANK GOODNESS I HAVEN'T GOT TO DO THE CLEANING! SNIGGER!

HUH? A D-DUST CLOUD WIV LEGS???!!

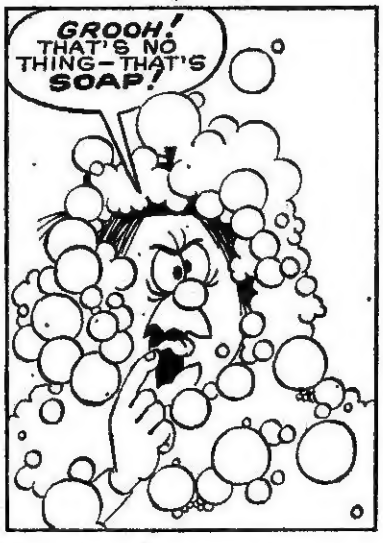

ER, HELLO, P-PENNY! G-GULP!
I THOUGHT SO—TRYING TO SNEAK OUT, EH?

MINUTES LATER...
GRRR! SHE'S EVEN GOT ME WASHING THE BLOOMING CURTAINS NOW!
POW!
SOAP FLAKES
WHIZZ!

COO! I WONDER!
POW!
SOAP FLAKES

SSH! NOT A WORD!
POW!

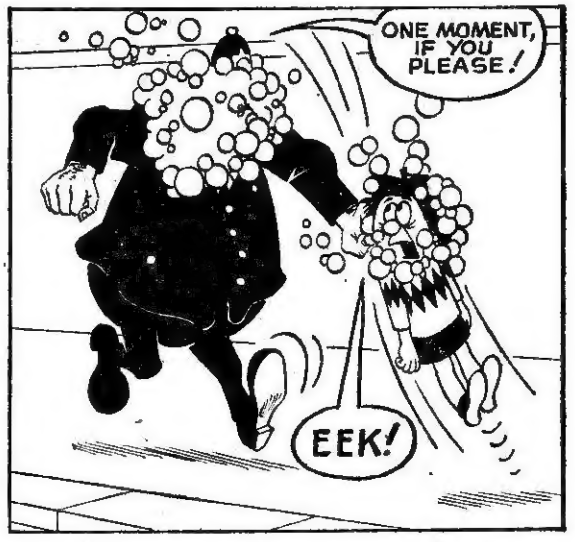
AAGH! IT'S THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE! IT'S ARRIVED! IT'S GOT ME!


GROOH! THAT'S NO THING—THAT'S SOAP!

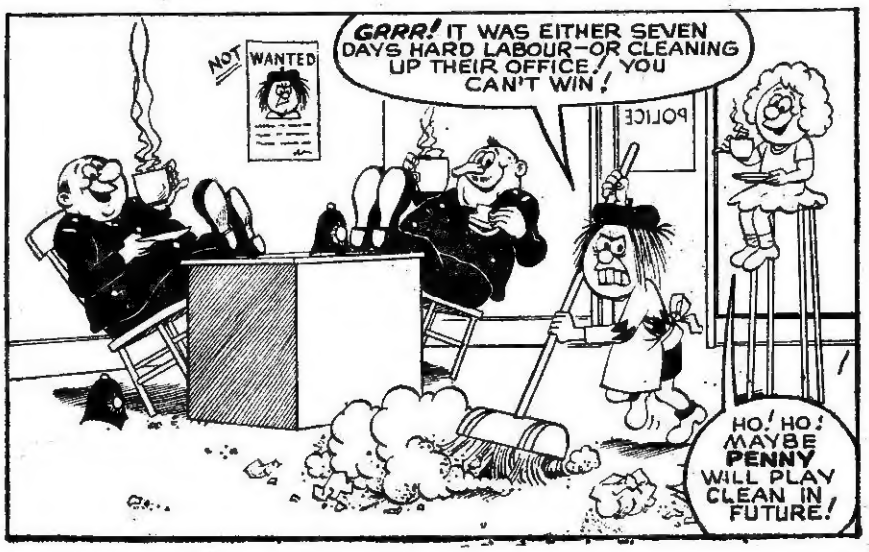
YAHOO! I'M FREE!
GRRR! YOU'LL BE SPIFFLICATED WHEN I GET HOLD OF YOU!

GRRR! BLINKING CHEEK!
SPLAT!

SPLAT!
ERK! LOOK WHERE THAT SOAP'S LANDED, READERS!


ONE MOMENT, IF YOU PLEASE!
EEK!

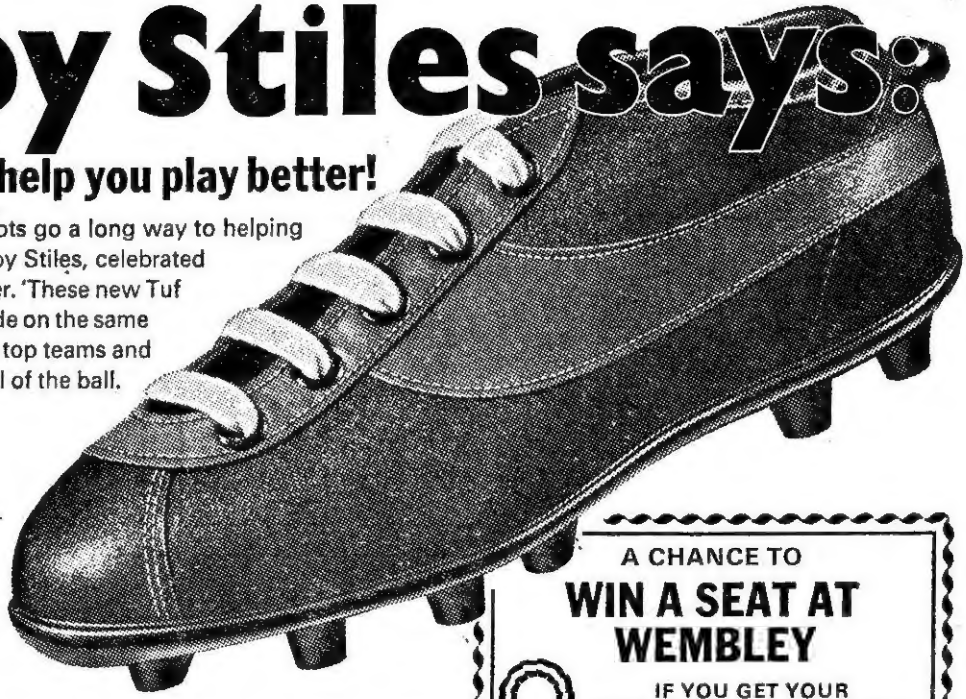
I THINK WE'LL GO ALONG TO THE STATION, MY GIRL!
ANYTHING YOU S-SAY, CONSTABLE! G-GULP!


NOT WANTED
GRRR! IT WAS EITHER SEVEN DAYS HARD LABOUR—OR CLEANING UP THEIR OFFICE! YOU CAN'T WIN!
POLICE
HO! HO! MAYBE PENNY WILL PLAY CLEAN IN FUTURE!

Nobby Stiles says:

These new boots will help you play better!

'Take it from me, the right kind of boots go a long way to helping you play a winning game,' says Nobby Stiles, celebrated Manchester United and England player. 'These new Tuf Teamsters are really great. They're made on the same lines as the boots worn by the world's top teams and designed to give you complete control of the ball. I thoroughly recommend them.



A CHANCE TO

WIN A SEAT AT WEMBLEY

IF YOU GET YOUR NEW TUF TEAMSTERS NOW!

200 free tickets to be won!

With your new boots you'll get an entry form for the Tuf Teamsters 'Pick-a-Team' competition. It's fun to enter and could win you two free seats (for you and a friend) at Wembley for the England v Ireland match on November 14. Don't miss this chance—get your new Tuf Teamsters as soon as you can.

- Bang-up-to-date international styling
- Light and supremely flexible—with the new soft toes for really professional ball control
- Tough, moulded, 'Long-Life' studs
- Moulded waterproof seams
- Black with striking red trim—from 35/11.

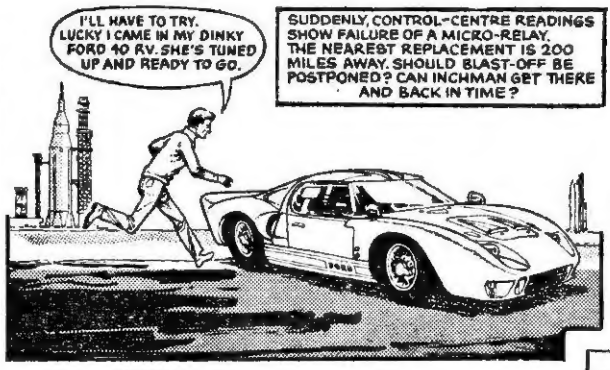
Tuf Teamsters

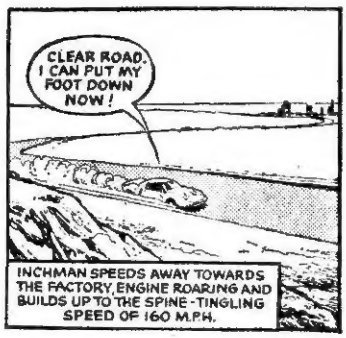
GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS AGAINST REPAIR

INCHMAN

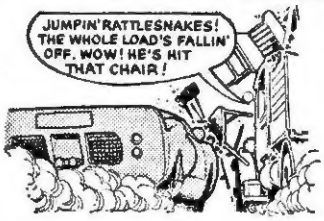
Dramatic dash in Dinky Ford 40 RV keeps Moon-shot 97 on schedule

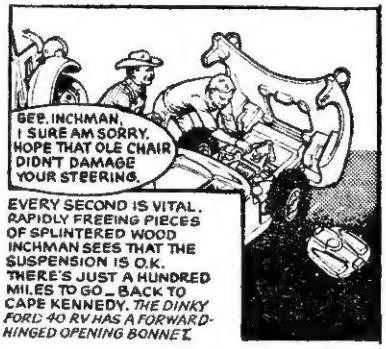
Cape Kennedy USA 6a.m. on a June morning. Inchman has been invited to see the latest attempt at a manned soft landing on the moon...



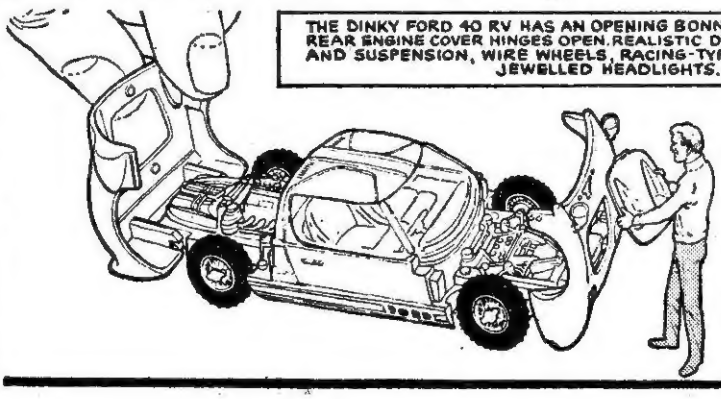


INCHMAN OVERTAKES AN ANCIENT JALOPY PILED HIGH WITH OLD FURNITURE. A CHAIR FALLS AND BOUNCES UNDER HIS FORWARD SUSPENSION. HE SWINGS OFF THE ROAD...





THE DINKY FORD 40 RV HAS AN OPENING BONNET (WITH LIFT-OFF PANEL) REAR ENGINE COVER HINGES OPEN. REALISTIC DETAILED RACING ENGINE AND SUSPENSION, WIRE WHEELS, RACING-TYPE WING MIRRORS AND JEWELLED HEADLIGHTS.

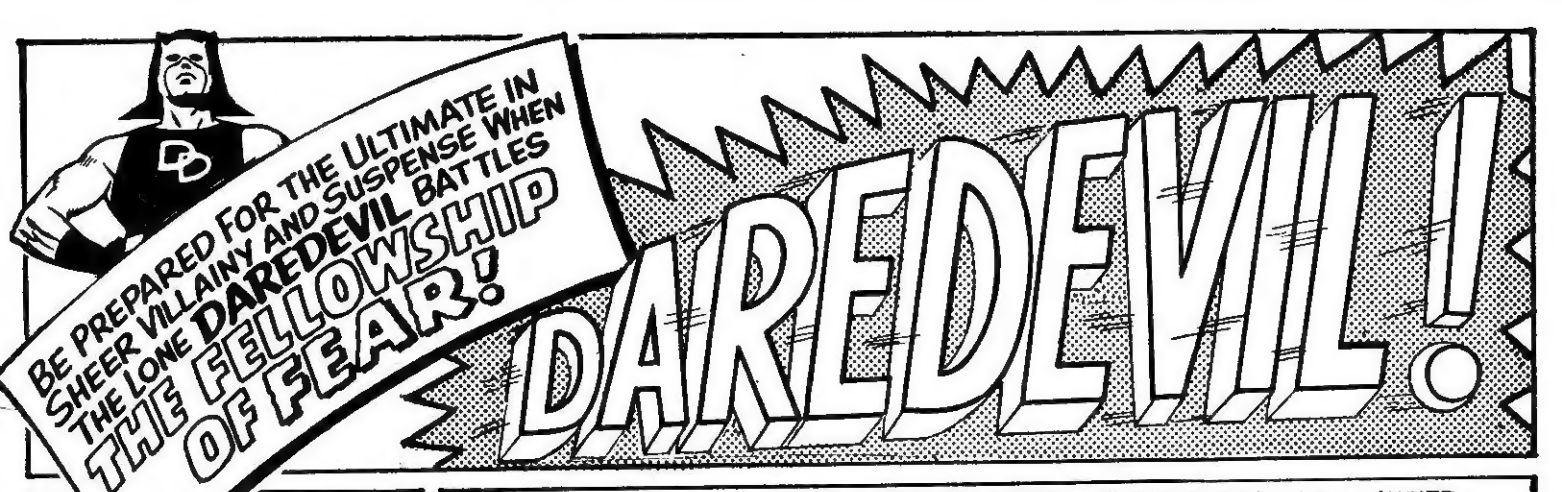


HAVE LOTS OF EXCITING ADVENTURES WITH YOUR OWN DINKY FORD 40 RV ASK FOR MODEL Nº 132 9/64

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FROM

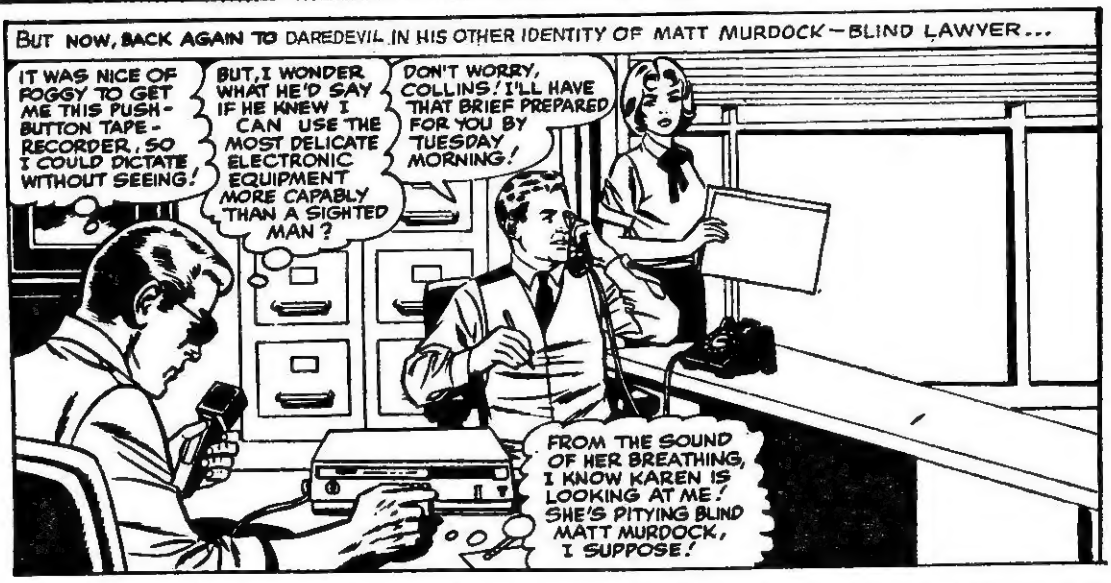
DINKY TOYS.

Precision die-cast scale models made by Meccano Ltd. and sold by Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges, and all good toy shops.



REMEMBER, IT STARTED LIKE THIS...

AN UNSUCCESSFUL WAX-WORKS OWNER DISCOVERS A GAS THAT STRIKES INDESCRIBABLE FEAR INTO HIS VICTIMS. NOW, KNOWN AS *MR. FEAR*, HE HAS TEAMED UP WITH THE MIGHTY *OX* AND THE *EEL*. AND AT THE WAX-WORKS A TRAP IS SET FOR *DAREDEVIL*...

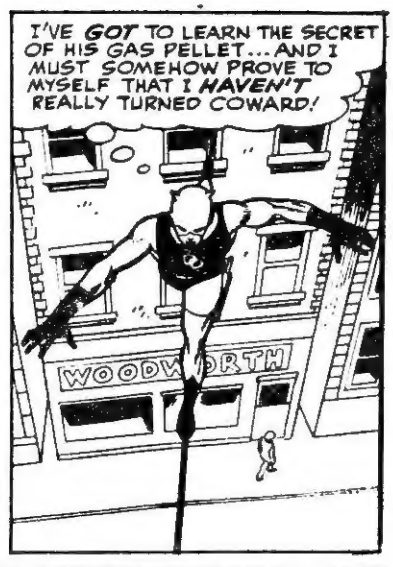


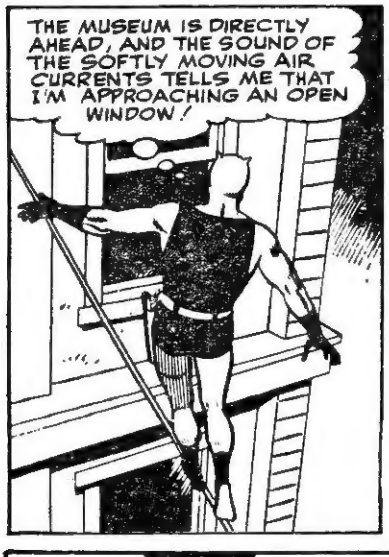
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965.

I WON'T ALARM MATT OR KAREN! I'LL COME BACK ALONE, LATER, AND SEE IF I WAS RIGHT!
I MUST SAY NOTHING TO FOGGY! I'LL RETURN TONIGHT..AS DAREDEVIL!!

THEN, AFTER THE MUSEUM HAS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT...
WE WILL REMAIN! HE STILL MAY BE HERE!

AND, MR. FEAR'S PREDICTION PROVES TO BE CORRECT! FOR, WHEN DARKNESS FALLS, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR APPROACHES THE GLOOMY BUILDING IN HIS OWN INIMITABLE MANNER...
I HOPE I SHALL NOT BE TOO LATE!


I'VE GOT TO LEARN THE SECRET OF HIS GAS PELLET... AND I MUST SOMEHOW PROVE TO MYSELF THAT I HAVEN'T REALLY TURNED COWARD!


THE MUSEUM IS DIRECTLY AHEAD, AND THE SOUND OF THE SOFTLY MOVING AIR CURRENTS TELLS ME THAT I'M APPROACHING AN OPEN WINDOW!

STRANGE! ALTHOUGH I HEAR BREATHING, I CAN DETECT NO MOTION! PERHAPS THOSE WITHIN ARE ASLEEP!

NO! THAT ISN'T THE ANSWER! THE BREATHING IS TOO HIGH... IT COMES FROM TWO NEARBY STANDING FIGURES!
THE HAIR TONIC AGAIN! THE PULSE RATES! IT'S OK... AND THE EEL!

OF COURSE! IT'S OBVIOUS! THINKING I CAN SEE, THEY'RE TRYING TO FOOL ME INTO BELIEVING THEY'RE MERELY WAX DUMMIES!!
NOW THAT I'VE PASSED THEM, THEY'RE STIRRING.. FACING ME... ABOUT TO ATTACK!

NOW WE GOT YA!
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? WE'VE GOT 'IM NOW!
HEY! HOW'D HE KNOW TO DUCK??
THE EEL... BEHIND ME! I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!

SO FAR, SO GOOD!! BUT WHERE'S MR. FEAR??

MEANTIME, NOT SUSPECTING WHAT IS TRANSPIRING INSIDE, FOGGY NELSON SOFTLY MOUNTS THE STEPS OUT FRONT...
I WOULDN'T WANT TO CALL THE POLICE UNTIL I'M CERTAIN! I'LL SAY I THINK I LEFT MY HAT HERE, AND TRY TO LOOK AROUND!
I'M IN LUCK! THE DOOR SEEMS TO BE OPEN!

DAREDEVIL!! FIGHTING ALL THREE OF THEM! HE NEEDS HELP!!
NOW I SENSE MR. FEAR! HE JUST ENTERED THE ROOM IN FRONT OF ME!

BUT I HEAR ANOTHER NEW-COMER!! OH, NO!! IT'S FOGGY!!
I HOPED YOU'D BLUNDER INTO MY TRAP, DAREDEVIL!!

THE ONE IN COSTUME... ABOUT TO SHOOT DAREDEVIL! IF ONLY I CAN STOP HIM...!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! HE'S ALL YOURS!
NO! I'M TOO LATE!
SOMEONE ELSE ATTACKING ME! WHERE DID HE COME FROM?
HE MUST BE A DETECTIVE! THEY'RE ON TO US!

THAT UNEXPECTED FEELING OF STARK FEAR AGAIN! CAN'T FIGHT IT! IT'S LIKE A DRUG!
IF I CAN SEE WHO THIS CHARACTER IS, MAYBE I'LL BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET AWAY SAFELY AND ALERT THE LAW!
RIP
MY MASK! OX, TO MY SIDE... I NEED YOU!
OBEYING HIS SUMMONS WITH THE THOUGHTLESS INSTINCTS OF THE SLOW-WITTED, THE HULKING OX BRUSHES DAREDEVIL ASIDE, AND...
TRY TO ATTACK THE BOSS, WILLYA?! YOU'RE GONNA BE REAL SORRY, MISTER!
CAN'T ESCAPE! WHAT DO I DO NOW!?
A SPLIT SECOND LATER, FRANKLIN "FOGGY" NELSON'S UNSPOKEN QUESTION IS DRAMATICALLY ANSWERED, WITH ONE POWERFUL SWEEP OF THE OX'S OPEN HAND!
ENOUGH, OX! WE'VE GOT TO RUN! IF HE'S A COP, THE PLACE WILL BE SWARMING WITH POLICE WITHIN MINUTES! LET'S GO!
WHAP!
NO TIME FOR THAT NOW! WE CAN'T LET THE COPS GRAB US! DAREDEVIL CAN'T EVER THREATEN US AGAIN! YOU SAW HOW EASILY I CAN STOP HIM! COME ON, EEL... FOLLOW THE OX!
BUT... I THOUGHT WE WERE GONNA FINISH OFF DAREDEVIL?!!
MINUTES LATER, AFTER THE FEAR GAS HAS BEEN DISSIPATED...
THE PANIC HAS LEFT ME AGAIN ...BUT MR. FEAR AND THE OTHERS HAVE GONE! WAIT! THAT WEAK, MUFFLED BREATHING! THAT FAINT HEARTBEAT! IT'S FOGGY! HE'S BEEN INJURED!
NOW I REMEMBER! HE CAME TO MY AID! BUT... HE'S HURT!
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! FOGGY, WHY DID YOU COME HERE?? IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN... I'D HAVE STOPPED YOU! NOW, IT'S TOO LATE!
THEN, WITH HIS UNCANNY SENSE OF TOUCH, DAREDEVIL GENTLY PRODS HIS FALLEN FRIEND...
NO BONES BROKEN! BUT HE'S SUFFERING A SEVERE CONCUSSION! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL RIGHT AWAY! NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THE OTHERS NOW!
DID HE FOLLOW ME? DID HE GUESS MY IDENTITY?
NO! IT CAN'T BE THAT! I'D HAVE SENSED IT! HE STILL SUSPECTS NOTHING!
LUCKILY, THE SIGHT OF THE SWIFTLY RUNNING, COSTUMED FIGURE SOON ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF A CRUISING PATROL CAR, AND THEN...
IT'S DAREDEVIL!
THIS MAN NEEDS HOSPITALIZATION IMMEDIATELY! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!
THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR US, FELLA! PUT HIM IN THE BACK SEAT!
THUS, MINUTES LATER...
YOUR GUESS WAS RIGHT! IT'S A SEVERE CONCUSSION! I SUGGEST YOU NOTIFY HIS IMMEDIATE FAMILY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
I CAN'T! THEY'RE VACATIONING IN EUROPE! BUT, THERE IS ONE...
AND, AT KAREN'S APARTMENT, WHERE SHE PONDERS HER MOST DIFFICULT DECISION...
I KNOW FOGGY WANTS TO MARRY ME!... AND HE'D MAKE A WONDERFUL HUSBAND! BUT... I CAN'T STOP LOVING MATT! YET, A GIRL CAN'T THROW AWAY HER LIFE FOR A MAN WHO'LL NEVER PROPOSE...!
WHO COULD BE CALLING AT THIS HOUR?
RRING!
WHAT?!! FRANKLIN NELSON... IN EMERGENCY... AT MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL!! I... I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
TEN MINUTES LATER, A BREATHLESS, STARTLED KAREN PAGE RUSHES TO FOGGY'S BEDSIDE...
HOW DID IT HAPPEN? HOW SERIOUS IS IT? WILL HE... WILL HE BE... ALL RIGHT??
EASY, MISS PAGE! TRY TO COMPOSE YOURSELF! WE'RE DOING ALL WE CAN!
HE HAS BEEN STRUCK ON THE HEAD WITH GREAT FORCE! THE FACT THAT HE'S YOUNG AND IN GOOD HEALTH ...WITH NO EXCESSIVE TRACE OF ALCOHOL OR TOBACCO IN HIS BLOOD... GIVE HIM AN EVEN CHANCE TO PULL THROUGH!
I TOOK A TAXI AS SOON AS I HEARD THE NEWS! HE MUST RECEIVE THE BEST OF CARE! CALL IN SPECIALISTS... CONSULTANTS... ANYTHING! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!
MATT! THEY'RE DOING EVERYTHING THEY CAN FOR HIM! ALL WE CAN DO IS... HOPE, AND PRAY!
YOU'D BETTER LOOK AFTER MR. MURDOCK, MISS! HE SEEMS TO BE UNDER A VERY GREAT STRAIN!

CAN DAREDEVIL OVERCOME THE EVIL POWER OF *FEAR?* WE CAN'T SAY— BUT WE *CAN* PROMISE YOU A MOVIE-LENGTH ACTION CHAPTER THAT YOU'LL BE TALKING ABOUT ALL *NEXT WEEK!*

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE LONDON W.C.2.

WE'RE NOT SO ODD-BALL AS WE THOUGHT! We didn't know it, but it seems that quite a few famous names (famed outside the realm of comic publishing, that is) belong in any comprehensive, true history of comics. Here were we thinking that we were a publishing breed apart (and not being unproud of it, either) when Kid Ken Mennell who, as befitting a scribe, is afflicted with literary interests and looks at paintings and reads serious books and things like that, informed us that millions-sale author MICKEY SPILLANE, who in the opinion of one literary magazine is the author of seven of the top selling ten books over the past fifty years, once worked as a scriptwriter on Captain America, Captain Marvel and other legendary superheroes tales. Kid Ken then went on to add that DASHIELL HAMMETT, an immortal in the field of serious crime literature, originated a well-known American script called 'Secret Agent X-9.' Then, as most of us know, JULES FEIFFER, author of the hit play currently in London, has plotted and drawn many, many comic strips. And it seems there are other illustrious names that, space permitting which it isn't—we could add to the list. Certainly makes us garreteers see things differently. Darn it, we could even get swelled heads just thinking about the company we keep!

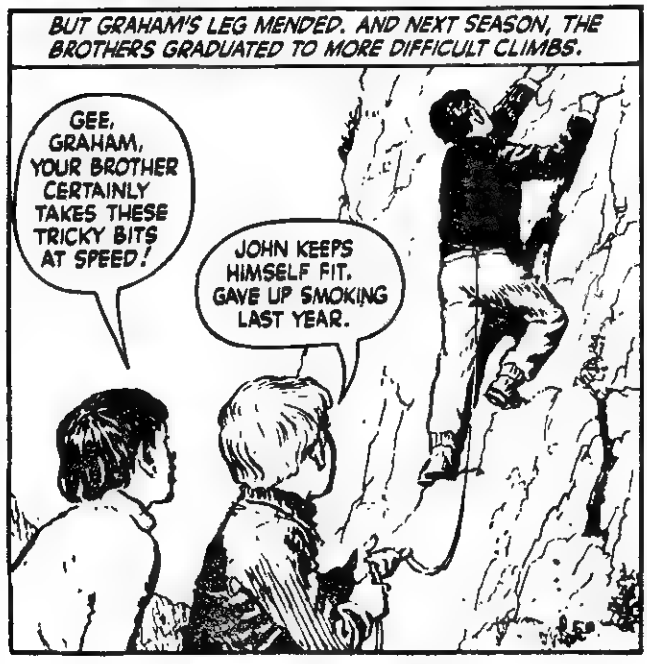
MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

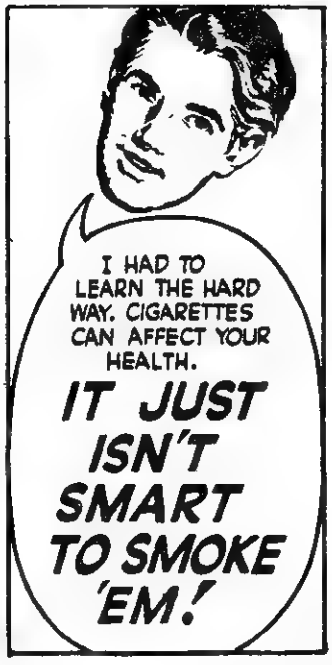
John Bergin, Harlesden, N.W.10; Kevin Gill, Middlewich, Cheshire; Stephen Lutz, Ramsgate, Kent; Michael Davidson, Battersea, London; David Maloney, Southampton, Hants.; Patrick Moores, Formby, Lancs.; John Kirk, Alveston, Bristol; Pamela Moden, Leicester; David Borrett, Andover, Hants.; Trudy Eglington, Newquay, Cornwall; Derek Wilding, Standish, Lancs.; Christina Perry, Swanley, Kent; M. Baldry, Pleshey, Essex; John Dawson, Sheffield, Yorks.; Clive Taylor, Ramsgate, Kent; C. Timm, Lawdham, Notts.; Blaise Hilton, Battersea, London; Michael Stockbridge, R.A.F. Digby, Lincs.; Iris Barker, Omagh, N Ireland; Jacqueline Retigan, Grays, Essex.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE! . . . that is if you were about to pen us a screed telling us that the letter page in FANTASTIC 28 and 30 **was the same!!** We KNOW it happened! It was just one of those things, and it can happen in the BEST of publishing circles! We spotted it soon after the printing run of FANTASTIC 30 had started! So we leapt to the phone and halted the presses right there and then, and had the right letters put into the issue.

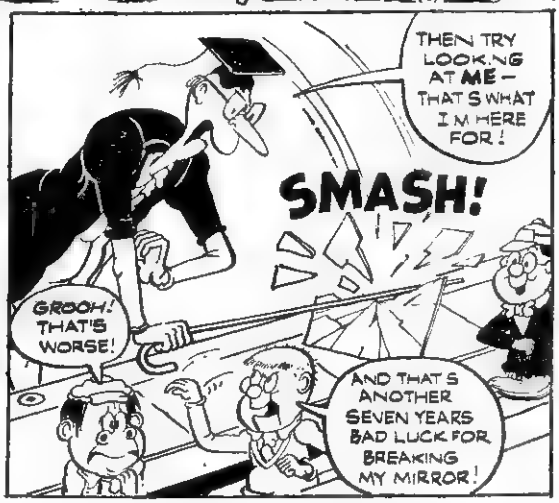
But if you are one of the readers who received an issue from the first run, don't get TOO sore at us, please! After all, tiger, if the word of Power continues to spread like it's doing, well you never know, someone someday might make a bid for that **collector's item** you've got on your hands! (You know just like a postage stamp with a printed fault on it!) But we're sorry to have to say to you fans who, as a consequence, had your letters printed TWICE . . . we can't send you TWO Thor T-shirts! It just wouldn't be fair on your not-so-lucky Power Brothers . . . now would it?

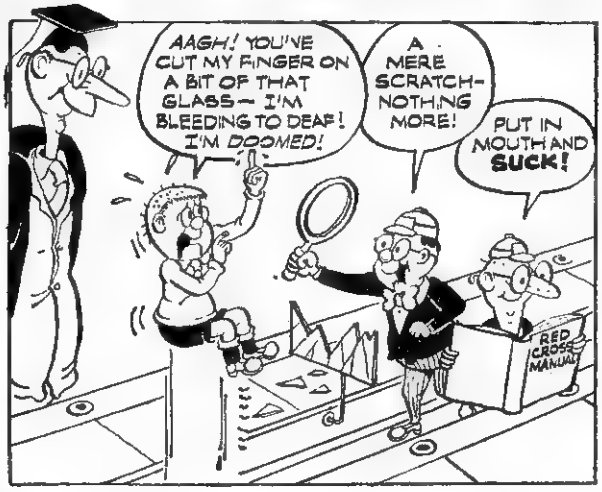
John learns the hard way

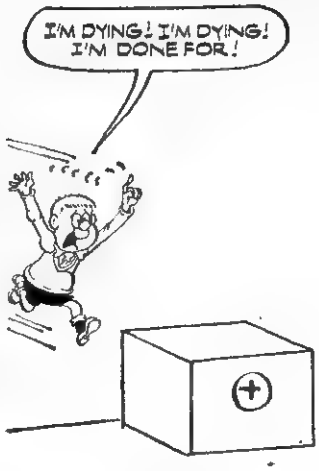


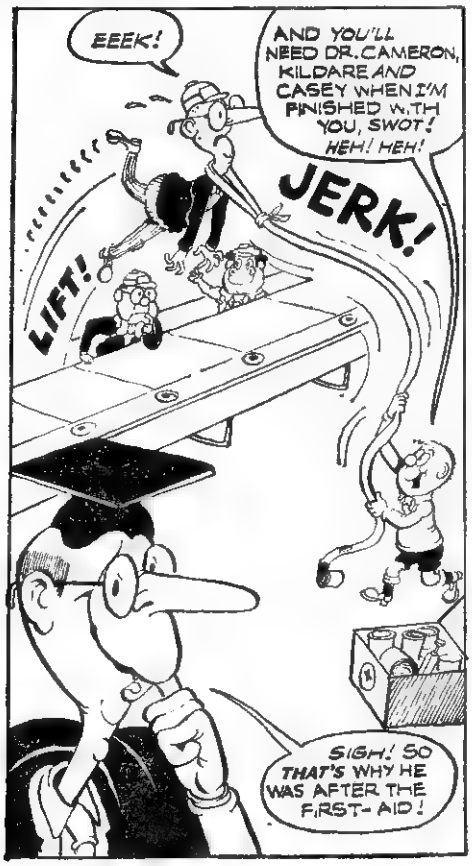


The SWOTS and the BLOTS



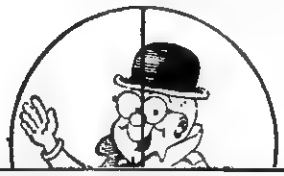




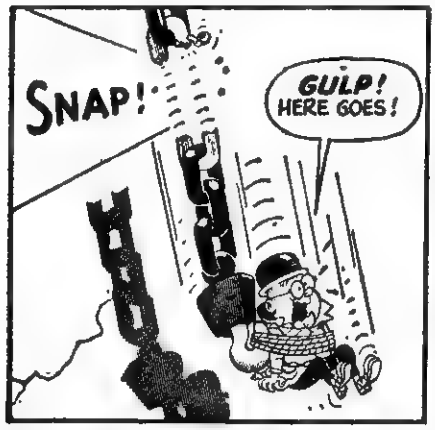


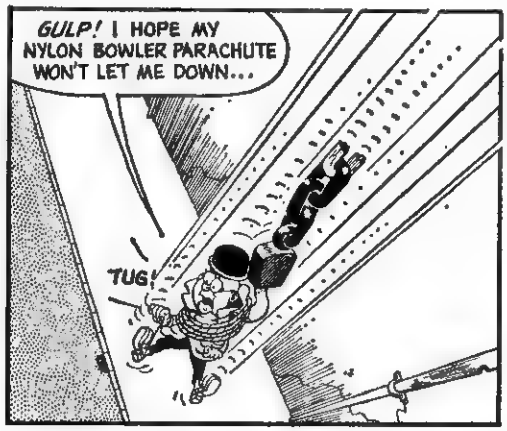
DOWN WITH NASTY LITTLE BLOTS—CYRIL MUST BE SAVED!
HERE, HAVE A SOCK—FOR YOUR NOSE!
BIFF!
EEK! PUT ME DOWN!
LIFT!
HEH! HEH! THAT'S HIM SAVED FOR A RAINY DAY!
SCHOOL PICNIC FUND
WAA—AAH! HELP! HELP!
SCHOOL PICNIC FUND
FUME!
GRR!
I DON'T THINK I'LL BOTHER TO OPERATE—HE CAN'T DO ANY HARM IN THERE!
SHAKE, LADS—MUST GET CYRIL OUT!
GRR! IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME—ONE GETS THEM IN, BUT CAN'T GET THEM OUT!
ERK! I'VE SWALLOWED A SIXPENCE!
I ALWAYS USE A KNIFE TO GET MINE OUT!
OUT YOU COME, CYRIL—SLIDE DOWN THE BLADE, OLD CHAP!
AAGH! WATCH IT!
THERE! HE'S OUT—IT NEVER FAILS!
GRR! YOU CUT MY BRACES WITH THAT KNIFE, YOU BOUNDER!
WELL—ER—ANYONE CAN MAKE A MISTAKE!
WH—WHAT'S HAPPENING?
AAGH! HELP! YOU'RE ON OUR SIDE, CYRIL!
KEEP IT UP, CYRIL! IT'LL SAVE US THE BOTHER!
I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS—
GROAN!
MOAN!
GRR!
HEH! HEH! I CAN LOOK AT THE SWOTS NOW! IT'S SMASHING!

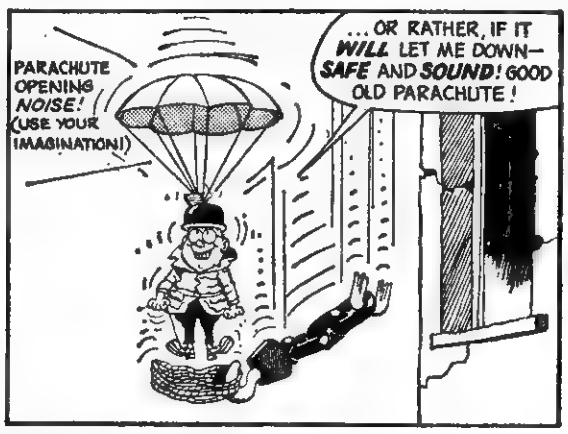
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

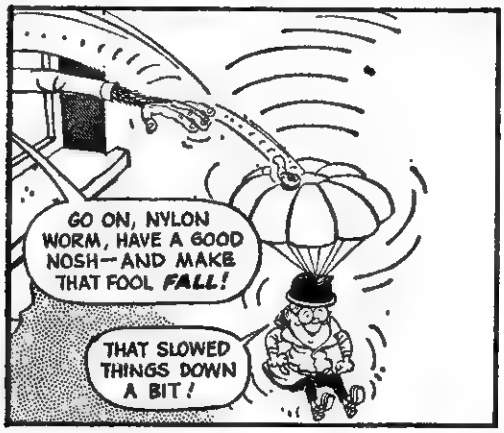


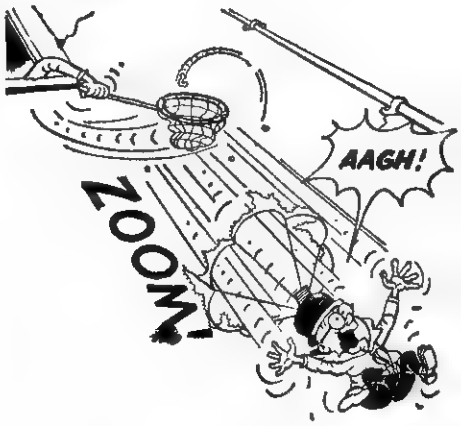
PROFESSOR SWINEHOUND PLANS TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD WITH A MASS OF TRANSFORMED WOODWORMS! LARRY IS SOON HOT ON HIS TRAIL, BUT IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE PROFESSOR HAS WELL AND TRULY **HOOKED** HIM THIS TIME...

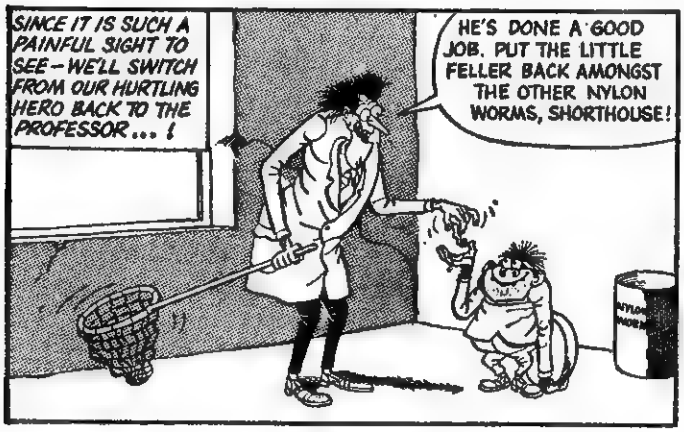


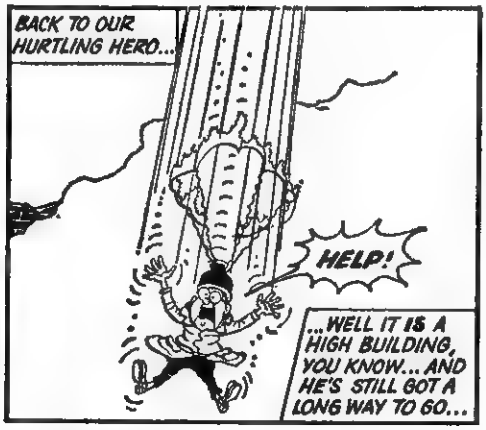


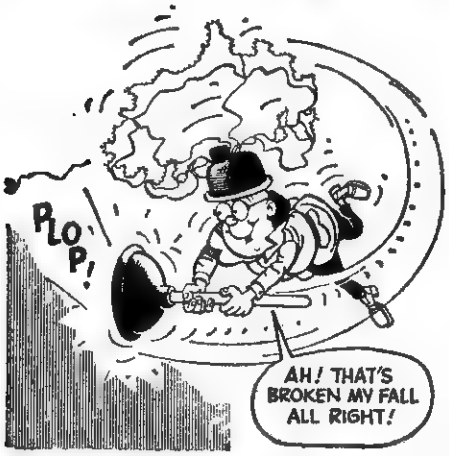


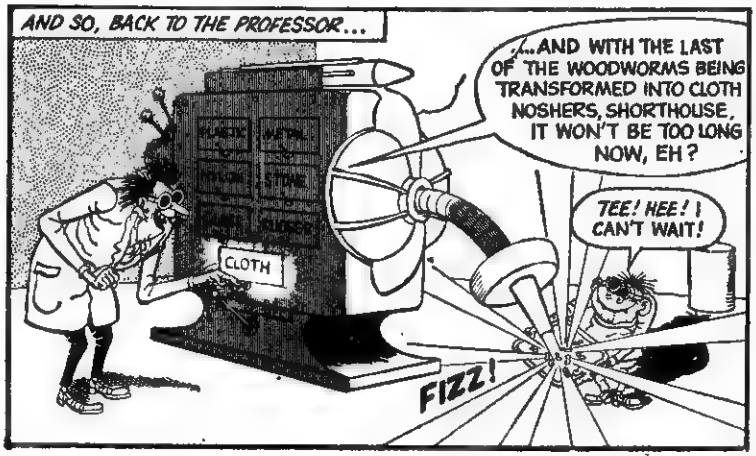










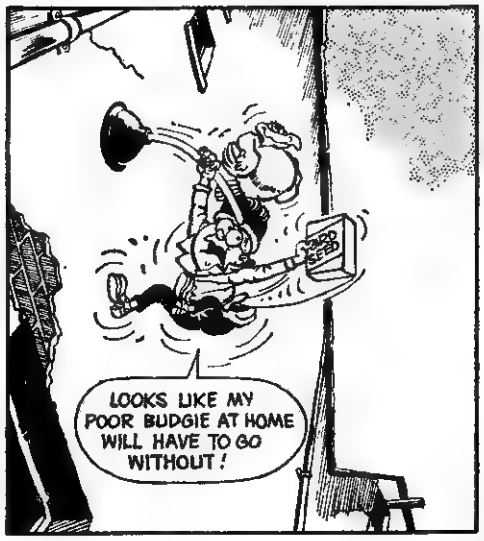


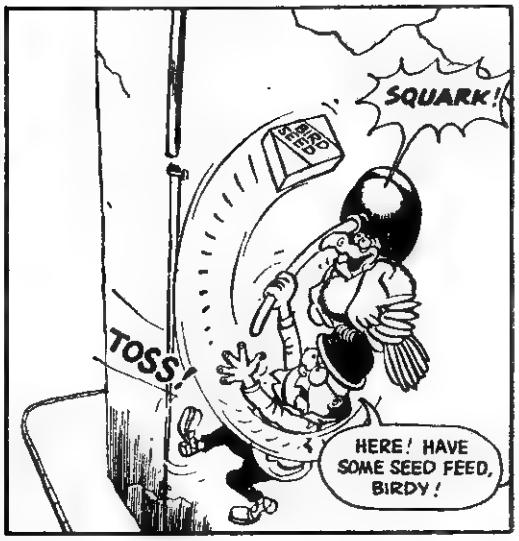
IF THEY'RE DROPPED AT THIS POINT THEY SHOULD WORM THEIR WAY ALL OVER GREAT BRITAIN!
TEE! HEE! AND THEN WE CAN'T FAIL!

YAHOO! AND I'LL BE RULER OF GREAT BRITAIN!
THUD!

BACK TO LARRY...
FLAP! FLAP!
HEY! GET OFF —I'VE NO TIME FOR BIRDS NOW!

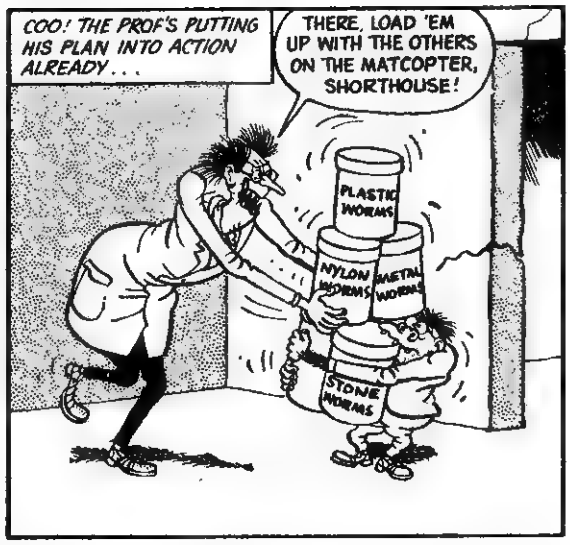
BEND! CREEK!
GOSH! IF THAT SILLY BIRD DOESN'T BUZZ OFF, THE PLUNGER IS GOIN' TO PLUNGE OFF —AND I'LL BE PLUNGED TO MY DOOM!

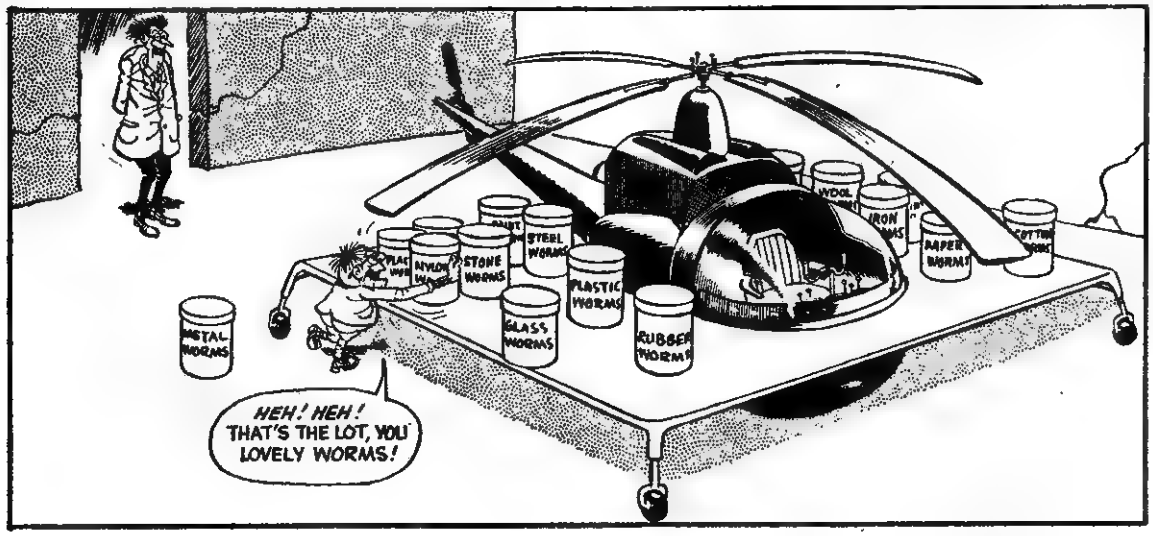

LOOKS LIKE MY POOR BUDGIE AT HOME WILL HAVE TO GO WITHOUT!

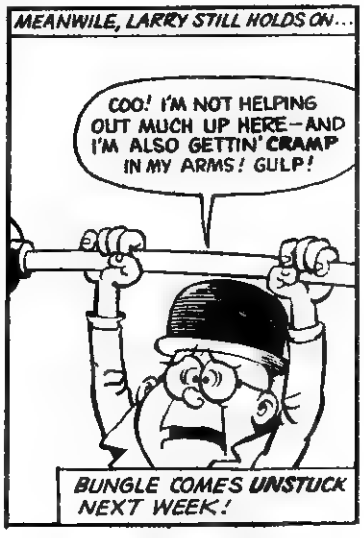

SQUARK!
TOSS!
HERE! HAVE SOME SEED FEED, BIRDY!

AH! SEED TO MAKE ME BOUNCE WITH HEALTH!
GRAB!
TWANG!

PHEW! SAVED!


COO! THE PROF'S PUTTING HIS PLAN INTO ACTION ALREADY...
THERE, LOAD 'EM UP WITH THE OTHERS ON THE MATCOPTER, SHORTHOUSE!
PLASTIC WORMS
NYLON WORMS
METAL WORMS
STONE WORMS


STEEL WORMS
STONE WORMS
PLASTIC WORMS
GLASS WORMS
RUBBER WORMS
METAL WORMS
WOOL
IRON
PAPER WORMS
HEH! HEH! THAT'S THE LOT, YOU LOVELY WORMS!


MEANWILE, LARRY STILL HOLDS ON...
COO! I'M NOT HELPING OUT MUCH UP HERE—AND I'M ALSO GETTIN' CRAMP IN MY ARMS! GULP!
BUNGLE COMES UNSTUCK NEXT WEEK!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"HE WHO STRIKES THE SILVER SURFER"

WHO IS THE STRANGE, COMMANDING FIGURE OF GLEAMING POWER WHO RIDES A SURFBOARD THROUGH THE AIR ITSELF? ONLY HE CAN UNDERSTAND THE FEELINGS OF THE HOUNDED *HULK* WHO, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, STANDS TRAPPED BY A RING OF FLAME...

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1967

YOU WILL BE SAFE HERE--SAFE FROM THOSE WHO HATE YOU--AND FEAR YOU--BECAUSE THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND!
THUS, I SHALL RETURN YOU TO THE GROUND BELOW--
WHILE I SOAR SKYWARD AGAIN, TO RIDE THE SCREAMING WIND AS I WAS BORN TO DO--!
NAN! YOU CAN RIDE WHERE YOU WANT TO--BUT NOT WITH THAT BOARD!
NO! YOU MUST NOT--!
IF YOU WON'T RIDE IT UP TO THE STARS--THE HULK WILL!
TOO LATE! NOW--NOTHING CAN STOP ME!
COME BACK! IT IS HOPELESS! NONE BUT I MAY COMMAND THE BOARD!
-UNNN!- BOARD CHANGING DIRECTION! CAN'T STOP IT--!
KRON
BUT, SUCH IS THE POWER OF THE INCREDIBLE GAMMA RAYS THAT CREATED HIM--THE MORE THE HULK EXERTS HIMSELF, THE STRONGER HE BECOMES--
NOTHING CAN GET AWAY FROM HULK!! NOTHING!! NOTHING!!
SKREEEE
ENOUGH!! EVEN THE PATIENCE OF THE SILVER SURFER IS NOT WITHOUT ITS LIMITS!
NONE MAY ALTER THE COURSE OF MY CELESTIAL SURF BOARD!! NONE!!
FOR THE POWER OF THE COSMOS IS STILL SUPREME!
A SHOCK! LIKE A MILLION LIVE WIRES--ALL AT ONCE!!
CAN'T HOLD ON!
NEVER CAN THESE EARTHLINGS COMPREHEND--THE SURFER AND HIS BOARD ARE TRULY ONE!
THUS, HAS IT EVER BEEN--THUS SHALL IT EVER BE!
BUT, EVEN NOW, THE GREEN-SKINNED GIANT RECOVERS!
NOW, HIS ARMS ENCOMPASS THE GRANITE WALL BEFORE HIM--AND HE WRENCHES IT LOOSE!!!
SKKRAZZK
HIS FINGERS BITE INTO THE SHEER ROCK AS THOUGH IT IS SOFT MUD!
NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN BEAT THE HULK!!

NOTHING!
ONLY MY SPACE-BORN SPEED SAVED ME!

BUT NOW--
NO LONGER SHALL THE SILVER SURFER BE BUT A TARGET FOR A HUMAN'S RAGE!!

SO UNLIKELY A CHARADE MUST NOW BE ENDED!
FASS!

FOR, VIOLENCE BORN OF VIOLENCE CAN BUT BREED NEW VIOLENCE--
UNTIL NAUGHT REMAINS BUT DESOLATION--AND ETERNAL RUIN!

YET, THERE IS MUCH THAT IS BAFFLING WITHIN YON MIGHTY FRAME!
I MUST LEARN MORE OF THE MYSTERIOUS BEING WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE HULK!

LET HIS MIND NOW REMAIN AT REST!
USING A MENTAL BEAM OF PUREST COSMIC ENERGY, I SHALL PROBE THE INNERMOST RECESSES OF HIS SLUMBERING BRAIN--!
ALREADY AN IMAGE BEGINS TO FORM--ONE WHICH IS BOTH STRANGE--AND STARKLY OMINOUS!

WITHIN SWIFT, FLEETING SECONDS--EMPLOYING A POWER WHICH WE MERE MORTALS CAN ONLY GUESS AT--THE SILVER SURFER EXTRACTS A VISUAL MEMORY OF THE FATEFUL PAST FROM WITHIN THE CLOUDED BRAIN OF THE SLEEPING GIANT--
SO! A CHANCE ACCIDENT--DURING A GAMMA RAY EXPLOSION--TRANSFORMED DR. BRUCE BANNER INTO THE CREATURE WHO LIES BEFORE ME!

HOW WELL I KNOW THE FEELING OF DESPAIR, OF SENSELESS LONGING, WHICH MUST HAUNT THAT BRUTAL BRAIN!
FOR, I, TOO, HAVE BEEN VICTIMIZED BY AN UNHEEDING FATE!

YET, HERE, WITHIN MY FINGERS, IS THE POWER TO CHANGE HIS DESTINY--FOREVER!
ONE SKILLFUL COSMIC BURST WILL RID HIS BODY OF ALL GAMMA CELLS! HE WILL BE NORMAL AGAIN!

YOU!! ATTACKING ME--!! WHEN I CAN'T FIGHT BACK!

NO! YOU DON'T UNDERST--UNHHHH!
BIO!
THE HULK UNDERSTANDS--EVERYTHING!!
BUT, THERE IS ONE THING THE HULK DOES NOT UNDERSTAND--AND THAT IS--

--WITH A SINGLE, THOUGHTLESS BLOW, HE HAS THROWN AWAY THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY OF HIS TRAGIC LIFE--!
I SOUGHT TO BEFRIEND YOU, BUT, IN THE MANNER OF HUMANS, YOU TURNED UPON ME!
A MONSTER YOU ARE--AND SO SHALL YOU REMAIN!

LET ME THEN BEGONE!
I MUST EVER AVOID ALL CONTACT WITH HUMANS--FOR TRULY, THEY ARE A RACE GONE MAD!
ONLY HERE, CRESTING THE ENDLESS WINDS, CAN I FIND PEACE!
THOUGH THE STARS ARE DENIED ME, MY COSMIC POWER IS STILL SUPREME!
SO LONG AS LIFE ENDURES--THE SILVER SURFER SHALL SOAR HIGH--AND FREE!

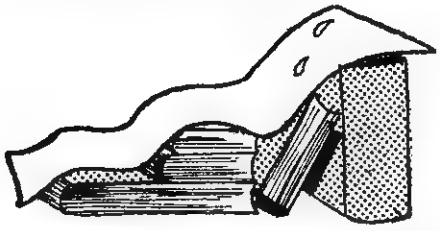
MEET . . .

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

WATER ASCOT

Get a good length of waxed paper (say out of a corn flake packet) or rub a candle over a piece of thick paper. Have it as long as you like. Now lay this over some piles of books (or bricks and rocks if you're outside) so that one end is higher than the other, and the "course" goes up and down a lot. Now you and a mate each let a drop of water fall on the top end. The first drop to reach the bottom wins!



KNOTTY PROBLEM

Hoop a length of string and tie the ends. Now challenge anyone to get the loop out of the string WITHOUT UNTYING THE ENDS!

No one can do it, of course. But with a bit of practice you can make it look as though you can.

All you do is to work the loop up until it becomes part of the knot. You'll soon learn how to do this so well that the loop on the knot is undetectable.

Finger-Stand

NEXT time your mates are showing off with handstands and headstands, stagger them into silence by announcing that you are going to stand on one finger . . . When you've taken their bets, just bend down and place one finger under your feet —O.K.—YOU'RE STANDING ON ONE FINGER!

PUT six glasses in a line and put water in the first three. Now ask your mates to rearrange the row of glasses so that they are alternatively full and empty—but they must only move ONE glass.

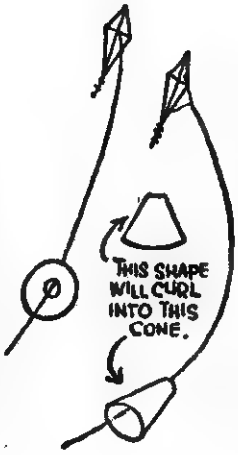
Here is how it is done . . .

KITE CAPERS

Got a kite? Here's how to have a paper chase in the sky.

All you need are some pieces of paper. Make a hole in them and push the end of your kite string through. Now edge the paper up the string until the wind catches it—and then it's away!

Even more exciting is to shape a cone round the string—when the wind catches this its speed is real express. If your pal has his kite up, too, you can have some great races.



BARGAIN FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

PENNY SALE 12 FAMOUS SETS OF STAMPS All for 1/-

PENNY SALE 12 SETS (TOTAL 61 STAMPS) REGULAR PRICE 11/6 All for 1/-

FANTASTIC VALUE: All twelve sets for a penny a set! Includes BRAZIL—midget; CHILE—pre-war; GERMANY—Sputnik, first space stamps; INDIA—map set of nine and many others. FREE BOY SCOUT AND PLANET MAIL SOUVENIR SHEETS. All twelve sets worth 11/6. Yours for 1/- to introduce famous Bargain Approvals.

SEND 1/- TODAY. Ask for Lot SS10

(Stamps sent 14 days' free inspection. Buy what you want—return the rest.)

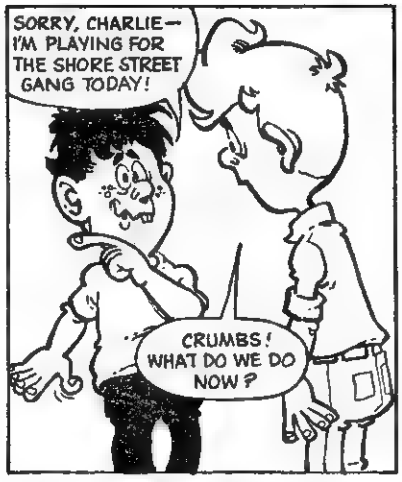
Please tell your parents you are answering this advertisement.

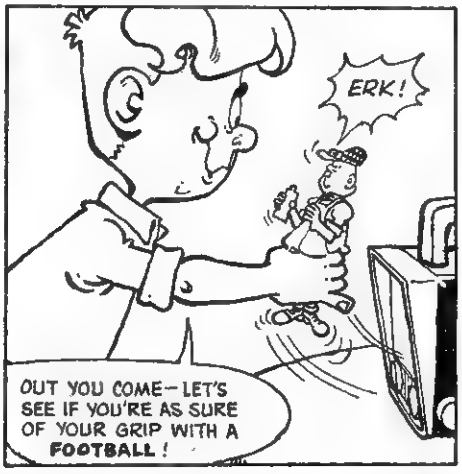
BROADWAY APPROVALS

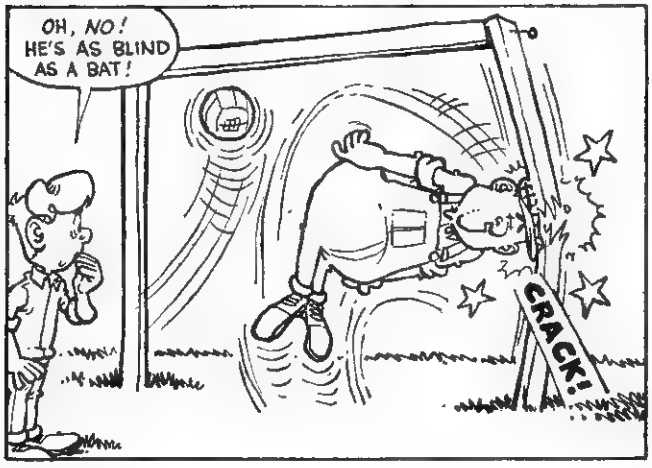
50 DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5

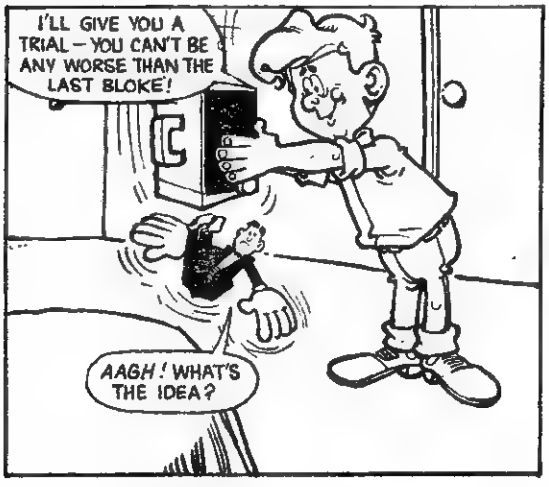
Charlie's Choice

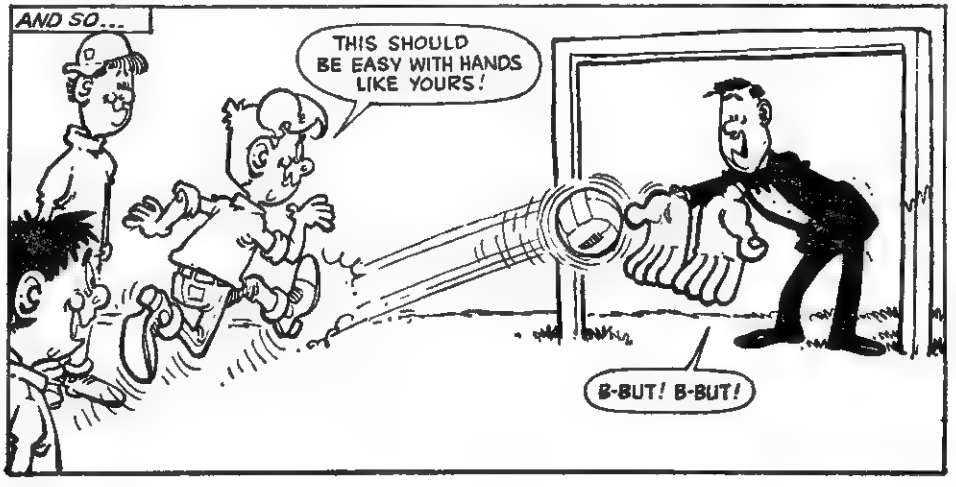
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!



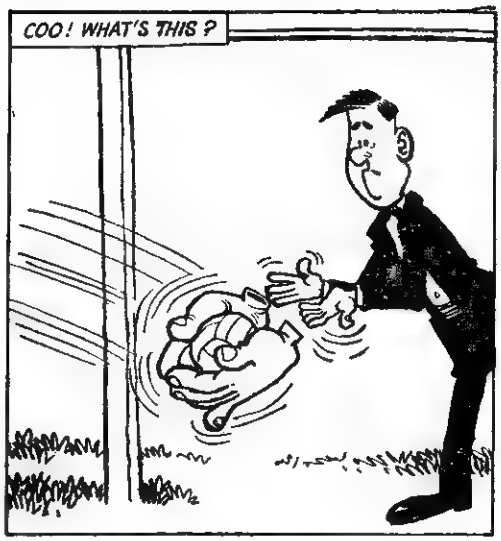








THERE— YOU'RE A *BORN* GOALIE — SEE!


COO! WHAT'S THIS?

BAH! THEY WERE *DUMMY* HANDS! BACK YOU GO!
HUH! I *TRIED* TO TELL YOU!

YEOW! LOOK AT HIM! HE'LL MAKE A *SMASHING* GOALIE! I'LL GET HIM OUT!

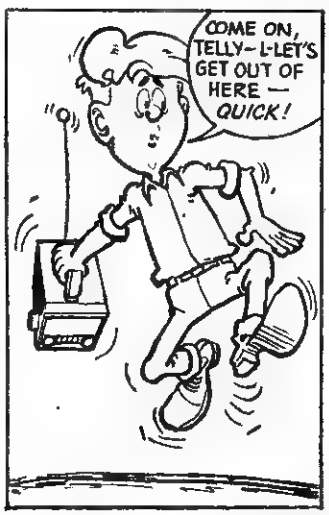
OH, BOY! HE'S GREAT! I'M JUST IN TIME FOR THE KICK-OFF, TOO!

I HOPE HE'S GOOD, CHARLIE!
HE'S GREAT! *FANTASTIC*! JUST YOU WATCH!

THE GAME BEGINS...
NEVER FEAR— THAT SHOT WILL BE A PIECE OF CAKE FOR HIM!

OH, OH! **NOW** WHAT'S HAPPENING...?

OH, **NO**! HE'S SHRUNK BACK TO TELLY SIZE!
AAGH! YOU TWIT!
GOAL! GOAL!
I FORGOT THAT THEY GO BACK TO TELLY SIZE AFTER HALF AN HOUR—AND A SOCCER MATCH LASTS **THREE TIMES THAT LONG!**


COME ON, TELLY— I-LET'S GET OUT OF HERE — *QUICK!*

THEY'RE LOOKING FOR A NEW **LEFT BACK** NEXT WEEK, TOO—*I'VE* BEEN DROPPED!

SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,
I think Smash is a load of ?!£.;:* and because it's a load of ?!£.;:* I'm going straight to my newsagents to place a regular order for it.
Derek St. Romaine,
Wandsworth, London.

Phew! You had us ?!£.;: for a minute!*
Alf and Cos.

Dear Cos,
I would like to know something about you and Alf. Have you got false teeth? I am a new Power-Packed Person and would very much like to know.
Dany Tarydall,
Blackheath, London.

By gum, Dany! You can rest assured that our mighty, manful molars are all our own—and that's the tooth!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Although you haven't returned the original Avengers to Smash, which was what I hoped you would do, I enjoy reading your latest addition, Daredevil. I must say that I'm glad you got rid of Legend Testers, 'cos I think that Daredevil is much better. Although I agree with Billy Wayne, in Smash no. 82, that with all the funnies Smash isn't really a 'Power' comic, I think that it wouldn't be half as good if you replaced the funnies with super-hero stories.
Now to get to my favourite story, Batman. Despite the plea in my last letter, Robin is still saying daft things. I mean everybody knows that a Stradivarius isn't a car (Smash 73)! And in Smash 82 when Commissioner Gordon says, "Four holdups were foiled today by this single girl," Robin replies, "How do you know she isn't married?" It's pathetic! I also thought you might like to know that I run a Batman fan club at my school and I write, edit, print, publish and distribute a bi-monthly Bat-type magazine. My nickname is Robina, the Girl Wonder.
Yours Batfully,
Pauline Langfield,
Hounslow, Middx.

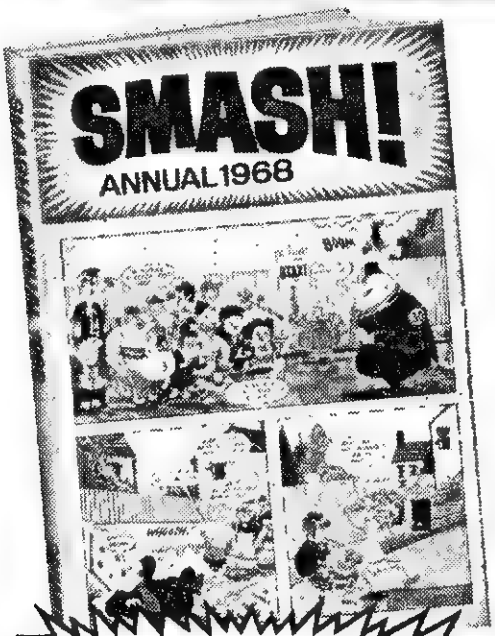
Like Batgirl you almost had Batman stumped! We're sorry if you think what Robin says is silly—but he says it —not US!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Who really are the best scrappers out of the Swots and Blots? The Swots win their battles with more ingenious methods while, on the other hand, the Blots are more the Bad Penny type. Actually, the main point of this letter is to find out who the best scrapper is out of the Dynamic Threesome (that is to say Alf, Bart and Cos). I suspect that Cos, small as he might be, learns the art of Aikado, Judo and Karate in his spare time. So Bart had better watch out because I think Cos wouldn't dream of beating Alf up as he supplies Cos with cigars and spare cash on the quiet.
P.S. I think the Nervs are great.
Tim Cannon,
Birmingham 32.

We'll leave you to figure out whether it takes brains or brawn to come out on top! And as for Cos fighting Alf or Bart —there's little chance of that! We're bigger than he is!
Alf and (guest star) Bart.

Send your letters to:
Alf & Cos,
SMASH,
64 Long Acre,
London, W.C.2

For more THRILLS and FUN ...see that you get these 2 GREAT COLOUR-PACKED ANNUALS!



Your No. 1 Favourite!

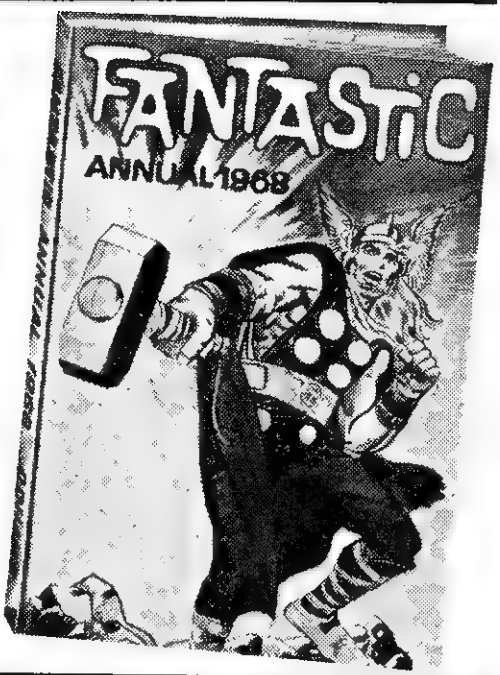
Smash! Annual 1968

Fun and thrills galore with Rubberman, The Legend Testers, Bad Penny, The Nervs, and lots more of your favourite *Smash!* characters, in dozens of sparkling new picture strips. 94 colour-illustrated pages. **Only 8/6**

NEW this year!

Fantastic Annual 1968

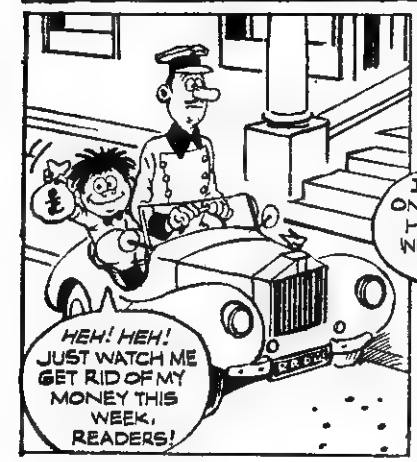
This brand-new annual is packed with exciting picture strips featuring the breath-taking adventures of the popular characters from *Fantastic* comic, including Iron Man, Thor the Mighty, Marvel Girl, and the X-Men. 94 colour pages. **Only 9/6**

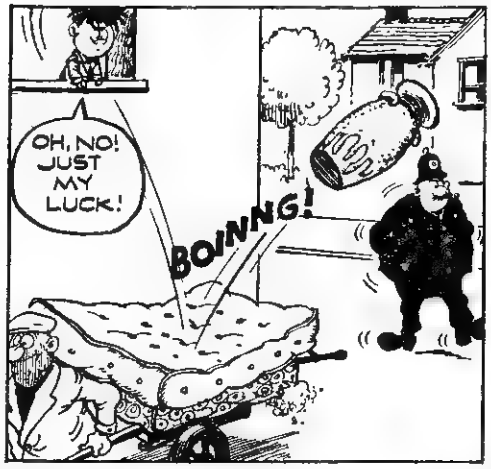


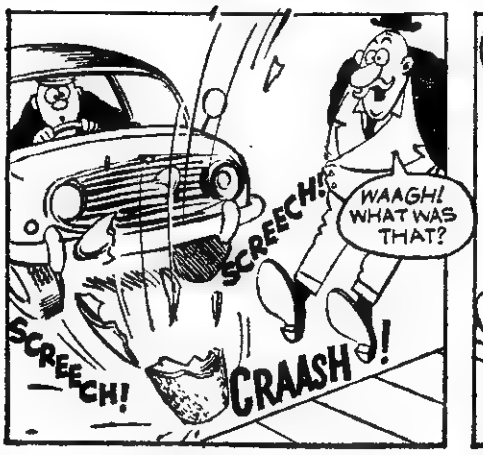
NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

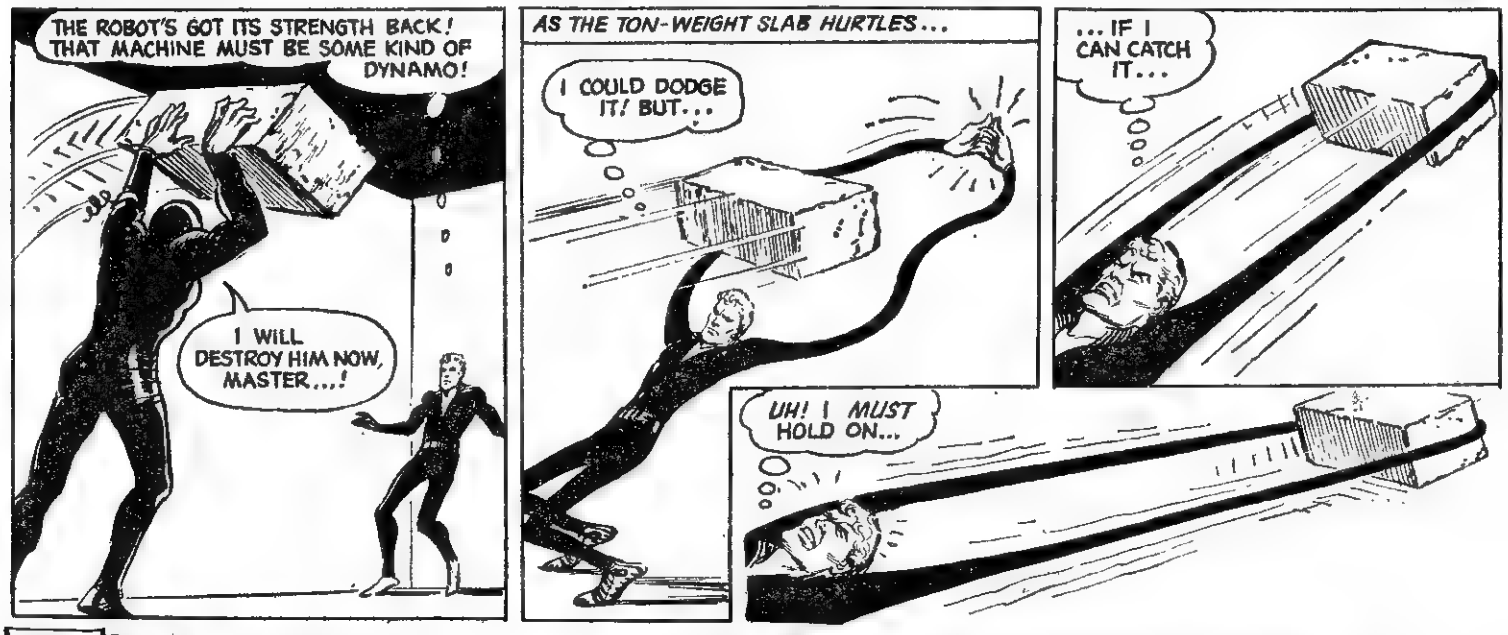


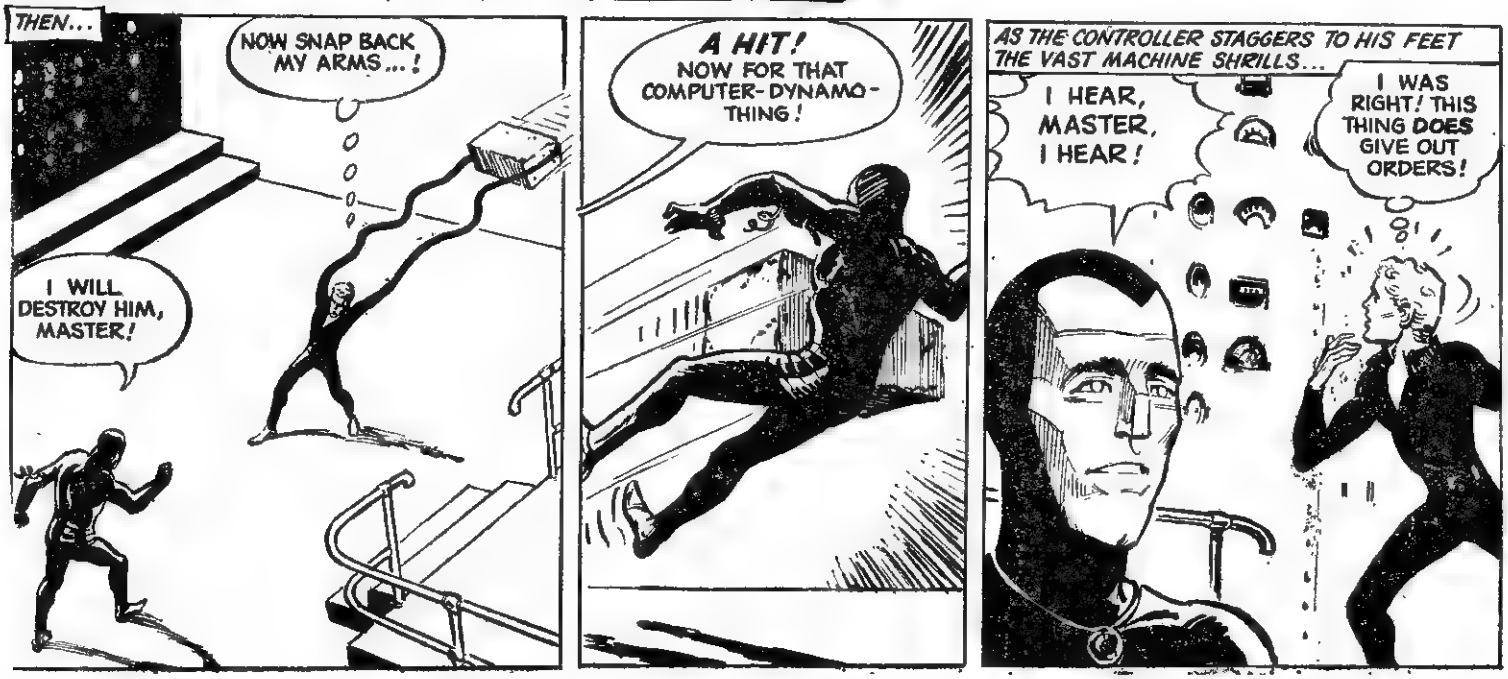


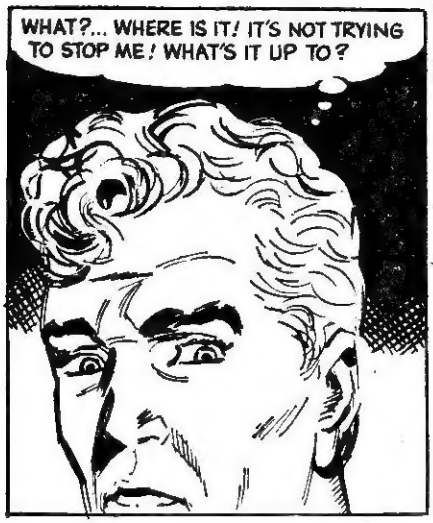


IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN HAS TRACKED THE SECRET BEHIND THE 'MACHINES THAT COME TO LIFE' DOWN TO THE **CONTROLLER**, WHO IS REVEALED AS A **ROBOT**. DAMAGED, THE ROBOT STAGGERS TO ANOTHER BUILDING... WITH **RUBBERMAN** IN PURSUIT...

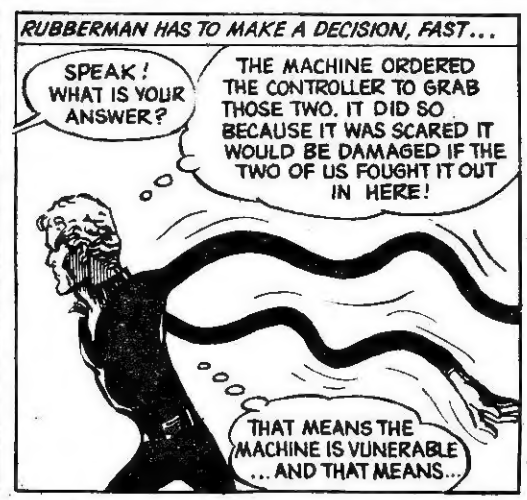


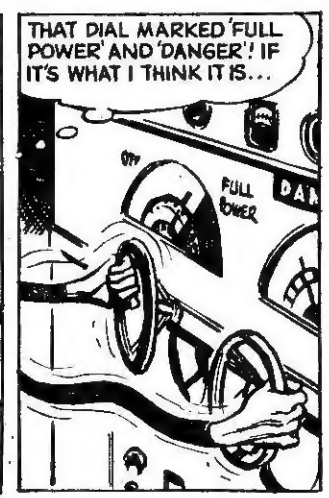



WHAT?... WHERE IS IT! IT'S NOT TRYING TO STOP ME! WHAT'S IT UP TO?

RUBBERMAN'S TWO FRIENDS HAVE NO CHANCE OF FLIGHT...
LOOKOUT! IT'S THAT... UUUGH!
IT... IT'S AFTER US! WE'LL NEVER... AAAAAGH!

WE SHALL MAKE A TRUCE, RUBBERMAN! JOIN ME AND YOU WILL BE MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY HUMAN IN THE WORLD...
...REFUSE AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL HAVE THEIR PUNY LIVES CRUSHED FROM THEM!

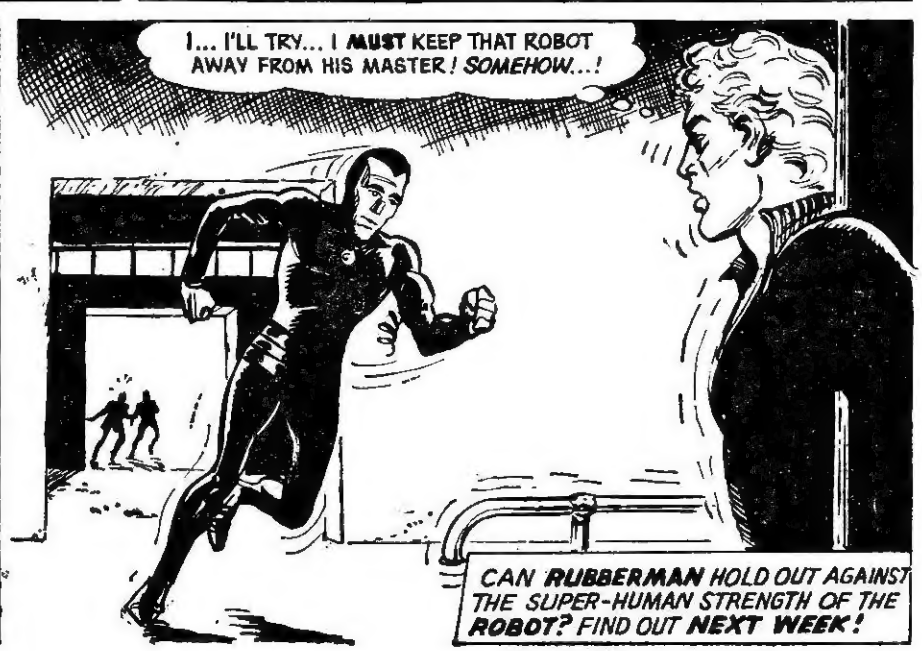

RUBBERMAN HAS TO MAKE A DECISION, FAST...
SPEAK! WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?
THE MACHINE ORDERED THE CONTROLLER TO GRAB THOSE TWO. IT DID SO BECAUSE IT WAS SCARED IT WOULD BE DAMAGED IF THE TWO OF US FOUGHT IT OUT IN HERE!
THAT MEANS THE MACHINE IS VUNERABLE ...AND THAT MEANS...


THAT DIAL MARKED 'FULL POWER' AND 'DANGER'! IF IT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS...
FULL POWER

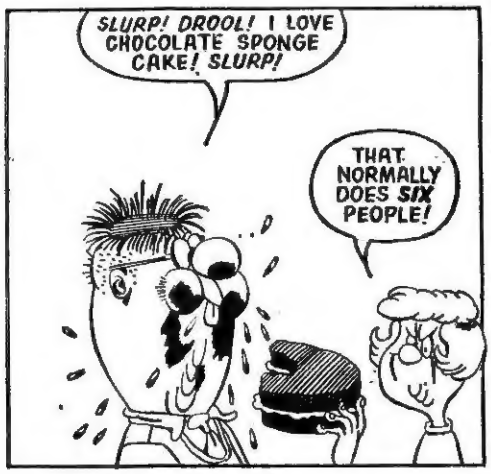
THE WHINE OF THE VAST MACHINE RISES TO A SHRILL SCREAM...
MASTER, MASTER... WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS HAPPENING?
THE WHOLE BUILDING'S SHAKING! MY ... MY EARS! THEY'LL BURST!

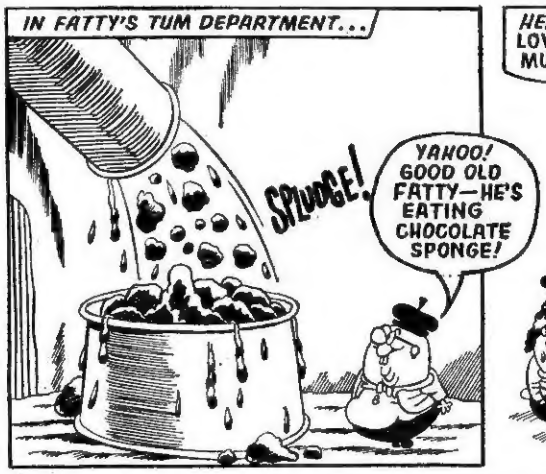
IT WORKED! HE'S DROPPED THEM... FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THEM... ONLY ONE THING MATTERS TO THAT ROBOT NOW! THE MACHINE! ITS MASTER!
NO! NO!

QUICKLY! GET AWAY! GET HELP! GET ON THE TELEPHONE! TELL THEM... DESTROY THIS PLACE! THIS IS THE KEY TO IT ALL! IN HERE!
ALL... ALL RIGHT! BUT... BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU?


I... I'LL TRY... I MUST KEEP THAT ROBOT AWAY FROM HIS MASTER! SOMEHOW...!
CAN RUBBERMAN HOLD OUT AGAINST THE SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH OF THE ROBOT? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!

THE NERVS


SLURP! DROOL! I LOVE CHOCOLATE SPONGE CAKE! SLURP!
THAT NORMALLY DOES SIX PEOPLE!


IN FATTY'S TUM DEPARTMENT...
SPLOOGE!
YAHOO! GOOD OLD FATTY—HE'S EATING CHOCOLATE SPONGE!

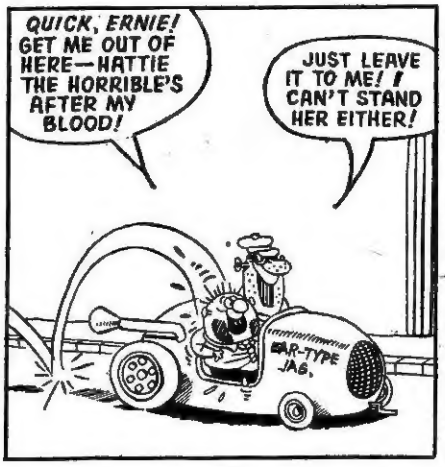
HEH! HEH! I LOVE MAKING MUD PIES!
MUCK! MUCK! GLORIOUS MUCK!

GRR! JUST LOOK AT YOU, YOU MUCKY DEVILS—YOU'RE WORSE THAN KIDS!
OOER! IT'S HORRIBLE HATTIE FROM THE HYGIENE DEPARTMENT!

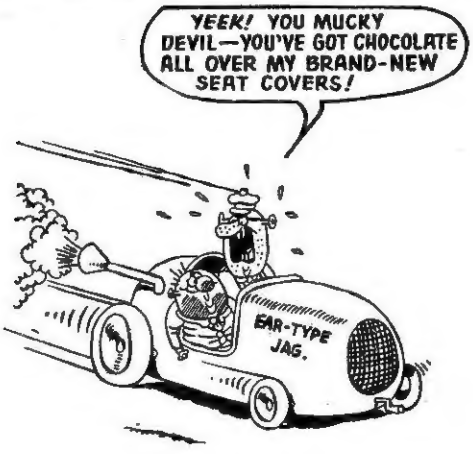
GOOD OLD FATTY—THIS'LL MAKE SMASHING SPONGES TO WASH THE MUCK OFF THOSE TWERPS!
SPONGE CAKE
AAGH! NO! SHE'S GOING TO BATH US!

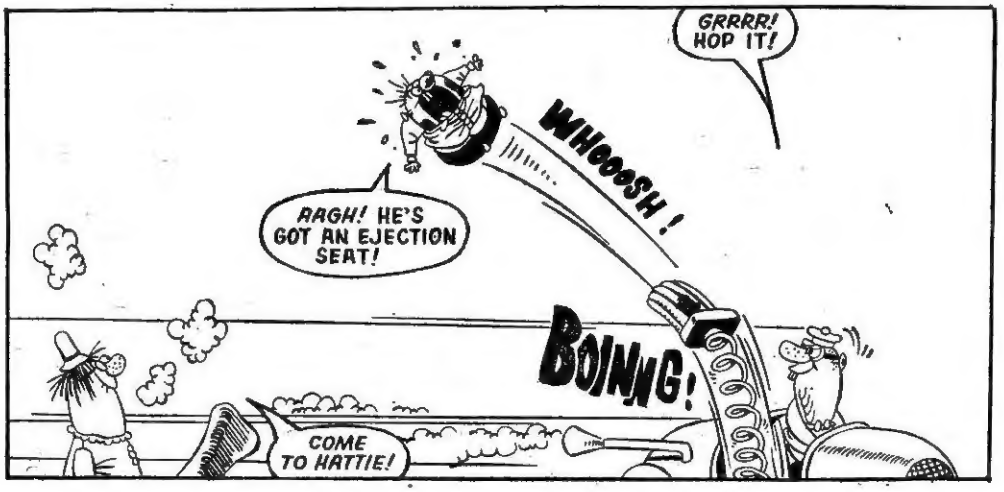
HEH! HEH! I'M OFF! SHE'S NOT GOING TO BATH ME! I HATE BATHS!
GRR! IT'S MUCKY MARTY—HE'S HOPPING IT!

AAGH! THAT TERROR IN SKIRTS IS COMING AFTER ME! I'M FOR THE CHOP!


QUICK, ERNIE! GET ME OUT OF HERE—HATTIE THE HORRIBLE'S AFTER MY BLOOD!
JUST LEAVE IT TO ME! I CAN'T STAND HER EITHER!
EAR-TYPE JAG.

WHRRUMM!
AAGH!
HEH! HEH! GOOD OLD ERNIE! SHE'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW!


YEEK! YOU MUCKY DEVIL—YOU'VE GOT CHOCOLATE ALL OVER MY BRAND-NEW SEAT COVERS!
EAR-TYPE JAG.


GRRRR! HOP IT!
WHOOOSH!
AAGH! HE'S GOT AN EJECTION SEAT!
BOINNG!
COME TO HATTIE!

STRIKE ONE! HEH! HEH!
AAGH!
BLAT
WAAGH! SHE'S TOO BLINKING LAZY TO CARRY ME— SHE'S SENT ME AIR-MAIL!
BACK IN THE TUM DEPARTMENT...
COO! MARTY'S BACK!
GRR! GIVE ME THAT! I'M GOING TO CLOBBER HATTIE WITH IT!
GRAB!
AAGH! GET THAT BATH OUT OF HERE—YOU KNOW WHAT WATER DOES TO ME!
SWOSH!
DIDN'T GIVE US MUCH TIME, DID HE?
COO! AND MARTY'S LET HIS BRUSH GO, TOO!
STAB! STAB! STAB!
COO! THAT'LL HURT POOR OLD FATTY—THOSE BRISTLES ARE SHARP!
AAGH! MY TUM— IT'S STABBING LIKE MAD! OOH! OOH!
I'M NOT SURPRISED—I'LL BET IT WAS THAT CAKE!
COO! IT'S STOPPED NOW—BUT I DON'T THINK I'LL EAT ALL THAT AGAIN IN ONE GO!
AND NO WONDER IT'S STOPPED...
I'M GOING TO NEED THIS!
RIP!
BONK! BONK! BONK!
COME ON—BEHIND YOUR EARS, TOO— USE THAT SPONGE!
BAH! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU CAN'T BEAT HATTIE!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

WHAT A BREAKFAST! NOTHING BUT A DISH TO LICK — THERE HASN'T BEEN ANYTHING ON IT ALL WEEK!

KORN FLAKES WITH A TRUMPET

OOH! WHAT WOULDN'T I GIVE FOR A NICE FRIED EGG IN THE MORNING AGAIN!

COME ON, SQUELCH! LET'S RAID A HENHOUSE AND SNITCH A FEW EGGS!

FEENDISH FLATS!

ZOOM

MINUTES LATER...

HEH! HEH! MAJOR HENNY KEEPS HIS BATTERY HENS IN HERE, SQUELCH — QUIETLY DOES IT!

FIRE, GIRLS! FIRE!

AAGH! HELP! CHEAT! THAT'S NOT A HEN BATTERY — IT'S A GUN BATTERY!

HEH! HEH! HAVE SOME — ER — EGG SHELLS!

GRRR! WE'LL FIX THOSE FEATHERED TWERPS THIS TIME — DON'T SHOOT UNTIL YOU SEE THE WHITE OF THEIR EGGS!

YOLKY — DOKE!

BUT INSIDE...

HEH! HEH! WE'VE GOT A DIFFERENT BATTERY THIS TIME!

YEAH! IT'S A SHOCKER! SNIGGER!

GAS BATTERY

AAGH! THE FIENDS! THEY'VE ELECTRIFIED THE HANDLE! WAA-AAH! AAGH!

CACKLE CACKLE HEH

TCH! REVOLTING!

CRASH!

GRR! I'LL SHOW THEM — IT'S TIME I DID SOME BATTERING! GRR! GRR!

COO! TEMPER! TEMPER!

I THINK THIS CALLS FOR GAS WARFARE, GIRLS!

HORRIBLE STENCH

TWENTY YEAR OLD EGGS

AAGH! THEY'VE DONE FOR ME AGAIN! GASP! GASP!

PONG!

BAH! WE MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME — THIS CLOT COULDN'T ROB A SPARROW!

BACK HOME...

WHY COULDN'T IT BE LIKE THE GOOD OLD DAYS — WHEN THERE WEREN'T ANY SUCH THINGS AS BATTERY HENS?

SCENT

ROSE PETALS